CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

VACATION EVENINGS;

OR

CONVERSATIONS

BETWEEN A

GOVERNESS AND HER PUPILS,

With the Addition of

A Visitor from Eton:

Being a Series of

ORIGINAL POEMS, TALES, AND ESSAYS,

Interspersed with

Illustrative Quotations from various Authors, Ancient and Modern,

Tending to incite Emulation, and inculcate moral Truth.

BY CATHARINE BAYLEY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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ERRATA. Vol. II.

Page 41, line 8, *for* striking, *read* stricken.
42, line 8, *for* then, *read* there.
44, line 13, dele *of sense.*
48, dele all after *this*, in the second line from the bottom.
80, line 9, dele *and now, Sir.*
81, line 3, *for* flippart, *read* flippant.
100, line 7, *for* Loven *read* Lowen.
130, after line 3, *read* the following note;

"Pope says, 'his father was of gentle blood;' but this is all we know about him; and all we are told about his mother is, that 'she was afrayd of the dust.'"

POPE'S POEMS AND LETTERS.

Page 135, line 8, *after* words, *insert* in common use.

VACATION EVENINGS.

EVENING THE FIFTEENTH.

Mrs. Mordant, in Continuation.

"ALL that we esteem excellent, is, generally speaking, attained by progressive efforts, and by great labour; and life is frequently too short to correct, by judgment, all that the fancy has fashioned.

"I have long promised you some few of the names of those signally illustrious men, who have immortalized their names by industry, genius, and merit. The lowliness of whose birth, after the lapse of so many ages, adds a lustre to their acquire-

ments, and sets them fairly foremost, as objects of emulation and admiration.

"I meant to have entered into this detail, ever since I gave you the anecdote of Cosroes king of Persia, and his virtuous minister Mitranes; but so much matter has unexpectedly obtruded itself, I have been tempted to delay the promised purpose; and thus, I fear, we too often conduct ourselves through life.

'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Steals on, with petty pace from day to day;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusky death.'

"Shall we begin with the immortal Bard just quoted? Shakspere—in whose praise language cannot be exhausted; or shall we endeavour to arrange our worthies alphabetically? which, although it favours too much of method to give scope to the powers of fancy, will prevent confusion, and also preclude the appearance of partiality, which might probably bias

us in favour of our own countrymen, to whom I had, at first, designed to confine myself; but that I recollected Britain to be a mere speck in the map of the world, of which I profess myself a citizen."

"Pardon me, Madam," said Miss Denzel; "I hope I don't interrupt you. My papa has given me a poem to read to you; it is on the subject of which you were speaking; and he wishes to know if you think it to be original."

"Your papa is pleased to shew me a very flattering deference, Miss Denzel. I should deem myself very arrogant, did I presume to put my judgment in competition with his, or to pronounce if the poem be an original, or not; since, however laborious our research, or retentive our faculties, we cannot be supposed to have read or remembered all that was ever written. You will oblige me by repeating the poem."

LINES

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF A GENTLEMAN NOW NO MORE, SIGNED WITH THE INITIALS W. K., AND DATED 1747; SLIGHTLY ALTERED AND ABBREVIATED.

To a young Gentleman who was immoderately vain of his Birth.

" Search thro' a scroll of annals for the worth,
Th' intrinsic value of a noble birth;
Read o'er the pompous titles, empty things,
Of barons, earls, and dukes, and sceptred kings—
How few the records of eternal fame,
Have given another honour but a name!
How few were men for deeds of worth renown'd,
Mere gaudy pageants swoln by empty sound!
Their praise, too light to stand time's blast, is fled;
We read that once they liv'd, and now are dead.

" Some low-born man, whose genius Heaven fir'd,
Whose actions were by all the world admir'd;
Set round with glorious deeds how bright he shines,
And virtue kindles while she reads the lines.
All men contest to speak the wondrous man,
To what a height he rose, and whence began—
How vast his soul, that soaring thus could raise
His name to honour, and immortal praise;
His towering fame each age shall higher prize,
While the vain boast of birth forgotten dies."

"The poem," said Mrs. Mordant, "is strictly just, and not inelegant; and I think I may venture positively to affirm I never saw it before. It was evidently intended as a reproof, and I hope had the desired effect.

"It is much to be lamented that monarchs have ceased to be the patrons of genius, as the nobility have followed their example, and persons of superior talents have now no reward but the applause of their own hearts, and the approbation of their friends and companions.

"Your poem is introductory to my projected list of illustrious men. But, ere I proceed, I must inform you, I shall not on any occasion refer you to holy writ, although the field there, both in the Old and New Testament, is ample indeed.

"I must also premise to you, that what I say may probably be subject to future recollections and corrections; for I speak from memory, which, however retentive we may be, will be liable to

some lapses; I shall therefore insist that my detail be not too abruptly contested or contradicted.

"Accius Lucius—was the son of a slave.

"Adrian the Fourth—was the son of an English peasant.

"Æschines—the celebrated orator.

"Æschines—the Socratic philosopher.

"Æsop—was born a slave.

"Akenside—was the son of a butcher.

"Antoniano—was the son of a beggar.

"Angelo—was the son of a mason.

"Angelo de Caravaggio—was a day-labourer.

"Ascham.

"Perhaps it may be deemed unjust to omit

"Abel,
"Arne, and
"Arnold,

} whose works will be esteemed while music has a charm for mankind."

" Pray, Madam, tell us some particulars respecting these illustrious persons. Who was Accius Lucius? How did he distinguish himself?"

" By his elegant and eloquent writings as a tragic poet and an historian. Accius Lucius was born in the year of Rome 583; and held so much superior to all men who had been before him, that it was thought an insult to name him without some token of honour; and a performer was actually punished, very severely, for naming him on the stage!"

" Adrian the Fourth, you say, Madam, was the son of an English peasant?"

" Certainly, Miss Maria; and the only Englishman that was ever advanced to the papal chair: his real name was Nicholas Berkspere, some say Shakspere;

' But new-made honors do forget men's names.'

That he was born at Langley, in Hertfordshire, is most certain. For further particulars respecting him, I refer you to

the Lives of the Popes; for I cannot give you traits of all those whom I enumerate, as, in that case, volumes would be multiplied instead of Evening Conversations."

"But do, pray, Madam, tell us who and what they were," said Miss Denzel.

"I shall oblige you, my dear, as far as I can recollect, and proceed as I began, that is to say, in alphabetical order.

"Æschines, the Socratic philosopher, was the most learned man and the greatest orator of his time.

"The other Æschines was also a celebrated orator; he was the son of a fisherman, and contemporary with Demosthenes, with whom he often contended for the palm, and was only excelled by him.

"Æsop's Life I refer you to; his fame is familiar to all the civilized world.

"Akenside, our own illustrious countryman, was an exquisite poet, and a man of the most profound learning. He was a physician to her present Majesty, Queen Charlotte. He published his 'Pleasures of Imagination,' when he had not attained

his twenty-third year; and I make no scruple, after that consideration, to pronounce it the most wonderful work I ever read. I know of no proof of such early genius and application, as it is a sublime, arduous, and exquisitely finished composition; indeed a national honour.

" It is probable I may, some future evening, detail other particulars respecting Mark Akenside, whose praise must endure while taste, learning, and genius, are esteemed by mankind.

" Akenside was born in December 1721, and died 1776.

" Antoniano was the son of parents who subsisted on public alms; yet his genius and application advanced him to be professor of the belles lettres in the college of Rome. Antoniano was caressed by princes, and the favourite friend of Pope Pious the Fourth.

" Angelo, as he is usually called—Michael Angelo Buonarotte—said, by all who are competent to judge of his

genius, to have been the greatest designer and painter that ever existed. He was also an eminent poet. His architecture is rivalled by competition, but perhaps it is unequalled.

The Saint Peter's, at Rome,
The St. John's, at Florence,
The Capitol,
The Pallazza Farnese,

and many other magnificent churches and palaces, were built from the designs of this illustrious man; who was blessed with long life, as he was born in the year 1474, and died in the year 1564, so that he was ninety years of age.

"Angelo (usually called Caravaggio, also named Michael), was a poor day-labourer; but chancing to see an artist at work, he became enamoured of the art, and applied himself day and night, until he arrived at the highest perfection. His paintings are in wonderful esteem; and are to be met with in most of the cabinets of Europe.

"Ascham being our own countryman,

I shall give you a slight sketch of his life and acquirements.

" Roger Ascham was born at, or very near, Northallerton, in Yorkshire; he was the son of a fisherman, and was charitably educated at the expense of Sir Anthony Wakefield, who, delighted with the progress he had made, as a boy, while at school, generously sent him to the university of Cambridge; where, having made great proficiency in polite literature, he took the degree of bachelor of arts, 28th of February 1594, and on the 23d of March following was unanimously elected fellow of his college.

" Ascham attained such perfection in the Greek language, that he was without a competitor, and read it publicly at Cambridge with the most unqualified applause. Early in the year 1536 he was made master of arts, and appointed, by the united voice of the university, to teach the Greek language publicly. He was also supposed to write the finest hand of any man in Europe. He taught

King Edward, Queen Elizabeth, and the sons of the Duke of Suffolk. On his return to Cambridge he was chosen university orator, and in the year 1548 was expressly sent for by the king, to instruct the princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth, in the learned languages.

" Ascham was Latin secretary to Queen Mary, and, after her death, to Elizabeth, who still continued him her private tutor in the learned languages, which that queen studied some hours every day.

" Ascham died January 1568, and is buried in the church of St. Sepulchre, Snow Hill, London. His death was universally lamented; the queen herself (Elizabeth) was observed to shed tears, and the whole court was clouded with melancholy.

" It is remarkable of Ascham, that, in those troublesome and unsettled times, he seems to have been a favourite of all parties. His modesty probably excluded him from those contentions that more ambitious characters are apt to enter

into, and thus it is not unlikely he escaped the jealousy, envy, and hatred, of his companions and contemporaries.

"I shall, for this evening, bid farewell to my detail; and all I say on it must be subject to correction and future recollections."

EVENING THE SIXTEENTH.

MRS. Mordant and the youthful party had amused themselves some time at the piano, when Edmund started as from a reverie, and begged the governess to resume the history of those men whose illustrious actions had acquired them immortal fame. "At the same time, Madam, I must beg leave to ask you, if we are not apt to flatter the dead too much?"

"Certainly, Sir," replied Mrs. Mordant; "for reading, as I do, chiefly from translations, I candidly confess I find much difficulty in bringing my reason to comply with the standard so vehemently prescribed. When I read, that the celebrated Scaliger said, 'He would rather have been the author of one of the odes of Horace, than king of Aragon,' I

naturally turned to the page, as translated by one of our own ingenious countrymen, and, after much pro and con, concluded that either Scaliger was a madman, or that the translator did not understand Latin."

"Pray, Madam, which of the odes is it?"

"I really have forgotten the page and title, Sir, but it begins

'Quem tu, Melpomene semel—'

"We shall be infinitely obliged to you for a literal translation of it; unless you will, for once, exert your poetic talent, and let us judge for ourselves, if it be indeed so worthy to be snatched from the

'Desolating grasp of time.'

"I shall depend on your efforts for our amusement. I am little skilled in any language but my own; so pray, Sir, do not fear me: every laudable effort is en-

titled to praise. I shall impatiently await your translation."

"In the mean time, Madam, you will favour us with the sequel of your last evening's entertainment."

"Certainly, Sir, with pleasure; and while I detail their acquirements, I beg you to reflect on the difficulties they had to encounter. Had one repulse damped their ardour, who had ever heard of their fame* ?

"* Those who attempt to instruct men, should give them such a degree of confidence in themselves, as is necessary to encourage them to exert their abilities, and urge them to press forward to obtain the prize of their labours; for virtue requires industry and activity in her disciples; they must presume, in spite of dangers and difficulties, and go on until they reach the summit of perfection. The man who thinks himself unable to climb the hill that leads to the temple of virtue, will hardly have the courage necessary to climb it: after a few ineffectual attempts and discouragements, he will sink into indolence and despondency, and remain at the bottom, all the remainder of his life." *Miss* CLARA REEVE.

" Basil—is next in my recollection, Emperor of the Turks. Basil was a private soldier, and, after being discharged on account of his bodily infirmities, actually begged his way to Constantinople. Basil was almost adored by his subjects for his justice and clemency, and was doubtless one of the greatest monarchs that ever existed. Basil had the merit of founding and aggrandizing the Turkish empire; and, beside his genius as a legislator, he was perhaps as great a general as ever commanded an army: for a further account of him I refer you to history.

" Beig-Itali—was born a slave, and, by his own industry and perseverance, acquired the knowledge of seventeen languages. He was many years confidential interpreter to the Grand Seignior. The first Turkish dictionary was composed by him. He also published a Turkish grammar. This wonderful man died in the year 1675.

"Boileau—the celebrated French poet, was the son of a footman; but, like Homer, since his death, cities have contended for the honour of his birth.

"Browne, Sir Thomas—our own learned countryman, was the son of a grocer; but he must be venerated, says Dr. Johnson, while 'learning has estimation with mankind.' His astronomical opinions, however, were very erroneous. I believe Johnson had no delight in that truly sublime study.

"Brouwer, Adrian—the so celebrated Dutch painter, was taken, when a beggar boy, out of the street, by Frans. Hals; but, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which he must have laboured, he produced paintings that have rendered him immortal. Brouwer died at the age of thirty. How are we filled with admiration and regret, while we reflect on the short period allotted to superior genius! What would such men have attained, says suspended reflection, had

they reached the age nature has assigned to mankind? Brouwer was buried obscurely; but Rubens, long afterwards, caused his remains to be taken up and interred in a magnificent tomb.

"Burns—the Scottish ploughman, his country's darling minstrel—Burns has ideas that cannot be excelled, if they were ever equalled. That divine spirit of charity, which leads him to hope that there will be a time when all the countless myriads that ever peopled earth, nay even the arch-fiend himself, may be forgiven by the Almighty, struck me so forcibly, when I first read it, that I burst into tears of admiration and delight. Those who do not understand the Scottish dialect, cannot appreciate the merit of Burns. Messrs. E. and T. have attempted to alter a song or two, but these gentlemen have convinced us they are no poets.

"Butler—the unrivalled author of Hudibras.

"Catullus, Caius Valerius—the illustri-

ous Roman poet; who also departed this life in his thirtieth year.

"Cervantes—the immortal Spanish humourist.

"Chatterton—our own divine minstrel.

"Claude,—the immortal Claude of Lorrain, was bred a pastry-cook!

"Collins, William—was the son of a hatter.

"Columbus, Christopher—was originally a common sailor: his researches, discoveries, and genius, awakened the jealousy of one of his compatriots; and, when he had merited a crown of laurel, he was loaded with chains.

"Cook, James—Great Britain's most renowned circumnavigator, was a cabin-boy to a collier. His premature death, as it is well known, was lamented by all Europe.

"Chaucer's birth place and parentage are unknown; a presumptive proof that they were not illustrious.

"Correggio, Antonio da—who was so

highly esteemed, that his own name is forgotten; yes, utterly lost, as the name he is known by is of the town where he was born, Correggio!

"Cromwell, Thomas—the illustrious and eventually unfortunate Earl of Essex, of whose life I will some future evening give you a slight detail. Thomas Cromwell was one of the enlightened and illustrious men to whom we are indebted for the dissemination of the protestant religion over these realms, and gave up his life, on the scaffold, in the just, and ever to be hallowed, cause.

"Cowley, Abraham—was the son of a grocer.

"Cusa, Nicholas da—was born of very indigent parents, who could not afford him any education; but, self-taught, he advanced himself to the dignities of a cardinal and bishop. Cusa was eminent as a divine, as a lawyer, as a philosopher, and as a geometrician. He died 1464.

" Drake—our immortal naval hero,

" Demosthenes—the greatest orator,

" Epictetus—the greatest philosopher,

" Euclid—the greatest mathematician,

" Euripedes—the most illustrious of the ancient tragic poets—were all born of honest parents, in the lower walks of life; but their fame, even after the lapse of so many ages, continues, like the sun, in undiminished lustre.

" Gainsborough—perhaps the greatest artist England ever produced, was a self-taught cottage-boy, whose taste and talents were only to be excelled by his virtues. Gainsborough died 1788.

" Galileo—on whose abilities and fate it is my intention to comment hereafter.

" Gama, Vasco de—the great navigator, who first discovered the way to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope.

" Gasparini—the celebrated Latin grammarian.

" Gesner—the German poet.

" Gioia—the illustrious inventor of the

mariner's compass. And I must here digress, to inform you, that the then King of Naples, being a younger branch of the royal family of France, Gioia marked the north pole with a fleur de lis, in compliment to his sovereign, and that mark has continued ever since.—And here I ought, perhaps, in strict justice, to name Gibson, William—for on account of whom I refer you to the Gentleman's Magazine for 1791.

" Homer.

" Hogarth.

" Hudson—our intrepid and unfortunate countryman, from whom the invaluable Bay in New Britain takes its name, was originally a common sailor.—Hudson was a judicious navigator, possessing undaunted courage, and the most enterprising spirit, to which, and his patriotism, he became a martyr.

" Hudson made three voyages on the same adventure; the first in 1607, the next in 1608, and the last in the year

1610, when this gallant man entered the Bay (now known by his name), coasted a great part of it, and penetrated to eighty degrees and a half into the heart of the frozen zone; his ardour for discovery not being in the least abated by the difficulties he struggled with, under the dominion of winter, in a world of frost and snow. He continued there until the ensuing spring, and proposed, in the beginning of 1611, to pursue his researches; when the greater part of his crew, who had not spirit to support him, mutinied, and seizing on him and seven of his faithful seamen, committed them in an open boat to the fury of an icy sea. Thus the brave, but unfortunate Hudson, with his gallant companions, was either swallowed by the waves, or, gaining the inhospitable shore, were destroyed by the savage inhabitants."

"O, dear! Madam, I did not mean to interrupt you; but surely a tear is due to the memory of poor Hudson."

"Indeed it is—his due tribute, Miss Denzel; for him, or any like him, we might—

———'Beseech the sea to spare,
And to the furious whirlwind cry—beware!'

"Mark me once again, my dears, I quote from memory; and know not where to refer you for the quotation just given.

"Hunter, John—the celebrated anatomist."

"Pardon me once again, Madam; but I hate anatomists," said Miss Denzel.

"Human nature, my dear child, is, in many instances, short-sighted; I therefore express no surprise at your affirmation; but must in some measure correct you, by saying, that an anatomist labours for the good of the living, not to insult the dead, as probably you have thought: to excel in any art or science is praiseworthy; but infinitely so, to excel in those that tend to ameliorate the sufferings, or better the condition, of mankind.

Freely do I give my poor lifeless frame for the benefit of my fellow-creatures, if I die of any disorder that is abstruse to the surgical or physical sciences, since it may benefit the survivors among them, and cannot injure me: my towering soul, I trust, shall be far above pain—still soaring in the regions of immortality, till it attains the perfection to which it aspires. If presumption incites this thought, humbly do I bend abashed before the fountain of light; and beseech the Almighty that he will teach me to unthink it, and to unsay it.

" 'Pain,' says our immortal moralist, Johnson, 'is the most intolerable of all earthly evils.' While I live, my children, I will alleviate it, where I may; and if, when dead, my dying sufferings may administer ease to others, I surely have not suffered or died in vain.

" If there be on earth a wretch so debased as to look on the wreck of mortality unconcerned, I do not wish him a spectator there. When we gaze on the

remains of our fellow earth-worm, we see what we must shortly be. I have beheld the youthful lover fly with eagerness to see the corpse of his idolized maid—the youth fainted as the grey lid of her coffin was removed: 'Miss ———'s! —Fanny!'—said he, and leaning on a chair, it fell with him! Alas! how awful is death!

"I must pursue my promised list another evening. I had no idea this was so far gone.

"Good night; we will now retire to sweet sleep, which Cervantes calls, 'The mantle that covers all human thoughts; the food that appeases hunger; the drink that quenches thirst; the fire that moderates cold; the cold that moderates heat; the general coin that purchases all things; the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise'."

EVENING THE SEVENTEENTH.

WHEN the youthful party met for their evening's recreation, Mrs. Mordant complained of indisposition, and begged the young ladies or Mr. Denzel would produce something for their mutual entertainment.

"My sister has composed another Sonnet, Madam," said Maria, "and only awaits an opportunity of submitting it to you."

"That opportunity now offers, my dear Miss Denzel. What all the different ages of the earth have concurred in applauding must surely have its merit; and I once again entreat you will feel no diffidence in my presence. Your youth is a happy apology for any lapse or error in a composition of this kind;

but your late polished efforts have given me leave to hope we shall not find any." Miss Denzel courtesied, and repeated—

SONNET TO THE SNOWDROP.

'I hail thee! Flora's fairest child,
The youngest handmaid of the spring;
Thy looks so modest, meek, and mild,
Around thee thousand graces fling.
Blanch'd by heav'n's ambrosial dew,
Thy vest assum'd that spotless hue.

'The northern gust, and icy show'r,
Assail thy purity in vain,—
So virtue looks, when vicious pow'r
Essays her spotless soul to stain;
And tho' beset by want and pain,
And tho' like thee, of peerless form,
Beneath herself she scorns to deign,
But tremb'ling dares the ruthless storm.'

"My dear girl, your talent is an exquisite one; were you to neglect it, you would merit much censure. Poetry, de-

voted to the service of virtue, or exerted in the cause of humanity, is ever highly acceptable to the feeling heart; which it tends to sublime and amend: and when it embodies airy nothing, it teaches the soul to soar to a higher region, and partaking eminently of the divine spirit, hallows the source of everlasting light, and leads us to forget we live below. A good poet cannot be otherwise than virtuous, since his essence is soul, and his hope is immortality.

" I now recollect an inscription, written at the entrance of a bower by a student at Oxford, which I shall give you without apology. If any part of it be deficient in poetic grace, it is certainly abundant in energy, and manliness of thought and expression:

INSCRIPTION

OVER THE ENTRANCE OF A BOWER, WRITTEN BY MR. HAMLEY, THEN FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

'Stranger!—whoe'er thou art, whose lonely feet
Approach this peaceful grove at evening's hour,
Ere yet thy footsteps mark the still retreat,
Where truth and freedom fix their holy bow'r,

'Say, didst thou never, by corruption led,
To wealth, not worth, thy dastard homage pay,
Ne'er basely triumph, while thy country bled,
Or see unmov'd her liberties decay?

'Say, didst thou never titled vice admire,
More than fall'n virtue, strugg'ling with despair?
If such thy crimes, unhallow'd slave, retire,
Go, where low av'rice calls, and selfish care.

'But, if, indignant, thou canst lift thy hand,
When thy sad country, bleeding, calls for aid;
And, rushing foremost 'mong the patriot band,
In virtue's cause canst point the vengeful blade:

'If thou canst deem each worthy man thy friend,
Whate'er his creed, his country, or his state;
If mean self-interest ne'er thy soul could bend
To flatter, or to fear, the vulgar great:

'Here rest awhile, from grov'ling cares retir'd,
And let such visions swell thy mighty heart,
As godlike Hampden's once, and Sidney's fir'd,
And hence more virtuous and more free depart.'

"That is really a charming poem, Madam," said Edmund Denzel.

"I am happy to find it meets with your approbation, Sir. You will, I have no doubt, become my convert in the sequel. The stanzas are indeed highly interesting and animated. Aqua tinta, I plainly see, is not to your taste. I would have you read the prologue to the play of Gustavus Vasa, as a finished piece, very highly coloured; in the mean time, pray indulge us with something of your own, either in composition or selection."

"Madam, I have made a prose translation of the ode you were speaking of: a poetic dress for it is, I fear, out of my power. I find it very difficult to please myself, for, only this morning, I wrote a fable; and, after I had laboured

some time upon it, I tore it all into pieces, and threw it in the fire."

"It pains me excessively to hear you say so, Sir," said Mrs. Mordant. "You ought by all means to persevere in the ebullitions of your youth, and correct them some future day. The statues of Phidias were once blocks of stone. You will first oblige me with the translation of the ode, and then I must beg you will inform me the subject of your fable."

"The Etonian bowed, and read from a MS.—

PROSE VERSION

OF THE THIRD ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF HORACE.

The daughter of Jove, from the first hour of my birth, regarded me with eyes of love. The wrestler at the Isthmian games may be crowned with a wreath, but will it grace his latest lineage? The conqueror in the chariot-race, and the successful warrior, shall be crowned with laurel; but the winding waters of the

Tiber, and even the silent gloominess of the woods, conspire to render the poet famous. Imperial Rome is the nurse of fame; she has exalted me above all poets; and envy has ceased to pursue me with her anger. Goddess! thou, who teachest me to strike the golden lyre—thou, who couldst inspire even the dumb inhabitants of the waters with the cygnet's voice, 'tis to thee alone I am indebted for these divine inspirations—these whispers that murmur round me wherever I go: 'tis to thee I am indebted for the applause I meet with, when the multitude, thronging for a sight of me, shew me to each other, as the inventor of the Roman Ode'."

"You have greatly obliged me, Sir," said Mrs. Mordant; "and I can easily believe this ode to be very elegant in its original language, from your translation, which is indeed a kind of poetic prose, and I think superior to any copy of it I ever heard before. But I still am not a

convert to the opinion of Scaliger. And now, Sir, the subject of your fable will be considered as an additional obligation."

The Etonian assented, and spoke as follows:

"I had entitled the fable, 'The Magpie, and the Bottle tightly corked;' and my plan was, to exhibit Mag as an emblem of an impertinent prying coxcomb, endeavouring to draw the cork; and the bottle as a man true to his trust, and capable of retaining a secret. The Pie injured itself, and was vexed and fretted in its futile attempts; while the bottle, with its contents, remained uninjured and invulnerable."

"Thank you, Sir," said Mrs. Mordant; "a mind capable of such conceptions merits cultivation; and I entreat you will pursue these avocations with avidity. The vast rivers of America have their source from small springs; as have also the Nile and the Wolga. Your precipitancy has partly deprived us of the

pleasure we should otherwise have derived from your production.

"When I was first taught to write, I essayed many things; for I thought then, as I still think, that to delineate our thoughts on paper is the first of human attainments: to see a transcript of my mind, depicted in a moment, capable of traversing the ocean, and bearing to my distant, but ardently beloved, friend my secret soul, was to me a blessing, which even the vaunted power I now speak of was ever inadequate to express.

"In my fourteenth year I wrote a fable, which I consider not a whit superior to yours; but, nevertheless, I beg you to read it, as an incitement to your sisters; whom I would fain induce to write something, and bid their ideas live."

FABLE:

THE SALMON-TROUT, AND THE STOUR MINNOW.

"A salmon-trout, that had just generated into life from its parent spawn, chanced, in the river Stour, to meet with a full-grown minnow, and, struck with its brilliant eyes, crimson gills, and agile motions, mistook the poor little fellow for one of his brothers; for the minnow is doomed to live, perhaps for half a century, and still remain the same diminutive creature. The little minnow was highly flattered by the compliment; and, out of mere gratitude, led the trout to his most favourite haunt. This was near the margin of the stream, where there were large bunches of ripe currants and gooseberries, that hung over the water, entirely out of the gardener's reach, and perhaps beneath his care; but thither chubby urchins frequently brought their bread and butter, and, striving to reach the fruit, dropped some of their

provision into the stream; which, from the profusion of duck and water weed that grew beneath, rested long on the surface, and, at length becoming preponderate, solaced the aquatic loungers with a most delicious repast. Feasting frequently here, our trout increased to giant size, and the poor little minnow had forgotten his former companion, when he condescendingly deigned to notice his old friend, with a—'Hem!—and a ha!—and a——How does the world use you, Mr. Minnow?'—'What! is that you, Mr. Trout?' said the poor minnow, who was most heartily rejoiced to see him. 'I really shou'dn't have known you, if you had not spoken; why, what a great personage you have grown!—Why, I am sure I remember you when you were very little bigger than I am;—don't you remember, I used to lead you to the margin of the stream to catch the crumbs and falling currants?—eh?'

"'Thou scurrilous reptile,' said the Trout, 'dost thou pretend to tell me

that ever I lived upon orts and falling fruit?'—'To be sure I do, neighbour,' said the honest little minnow, and I am sorry to see you have so far forgotten yourself.'—'Every honest man his due, and every rogue a halter!' said the trout: on which he gave a great gulp, and swallowed up the poor minnow and half a score of his companions.—'Mercy on us!' said the little remaining fry, as they scudded to their retreats, what an enormous stomach these monstrous salmon-trouts have! We must take care to keep out of the way; for we can read our fate in that of our neighbour."

THE MORAL.

"The upstart, when licentious in power, is the most abominable of all tyrants."

"I have a few words more to say to you, Mr. Denzel, respecting your trans-

lation, and your fable, which I still wish you to detail in the language of familiar life.

" Be not diffident of your own talents; let me incite you to further exertions. A month since, it is probable, you would not have undertaken the little you have now completed. Rousseau says, 'the thoughts of a great genius (and it is true) give them a particular idiom; and that common souls do not possess that language.' The translation you have given us is in no common style; it reminds me of what Dr. Johnson justly says of Thomson—'that his versification is not the versification of any other man.' His blank verse is as distinct in its contexture from all other blank verse, as if it were written in a different language.

" The same may be said of our two immortals, Shakspere and Milton: their measure may be called Shaksperian, or Miltonian; but who is to reach the standard of their excellence?—J. Phillips, as an imitator, has done much; his poems have

great merit; and vitiated taste may blush for laying them so long on the shelf;—Grey and Collins too partake of this talent in an eminent degree. Apathy alone can doze when the eloquently abrupt ode of Grey strikes on the ear:

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!'

We hear the passionately striking harp, and the infuriated bard is before us.

"A tasteless reader will not understand this. Grey's Elegy too has a particular cadence, and an imitator of it will never be admired, because it will not be possible to excel, and very difficult to equal, the original. The late Mr. Scott indulged himself in carping at this poem; he had much better have employed his time in endeavouring to equal it.

"Those who attempt to imitate Collins must move in a yet higher sphere—

'And bid the lovely scenes at distance hail!'"

"Is not the Ode to Pity most delightful, Madam?"

"I know not which to say is most delightful; but this I say, that in my opinion,

'Her robes of tenderest blue, and eyes of dewy light,'

are without a parallel in the English language. Then the Æolian viol sounds, while the whole soul of poetry breathes around us.

"I think it impossible for a person of any taste to read the writings of Collins without partaking a portion of his flame; for myself, I avow the enthusiasm,

'And call on echo still thro' all the song!'

"'When we contemplate,' says Clara Reeve, 'the great actions which men like ourselves have done, knowing them to have been subject to the same passions and the same weaknesses, we may surely say we ought not to despair of equalling

them! and, " greatly daring," we will strive to surpass them'."

" Dear Madam," said Miss Maria, " you told us you would give Sarah and me a very pretty poem; we hoped it would have been this evening."

" My dear little girls," said Mrs. Mordant, " you have been very good, for our subjects have indeed been rather calculated for your elder brother and sister, than for you. But here is the poem, and very pretty it is. I do not wish you to read it now; but to-morrow morning I shall have infinite pleasure in hearing you repeat it; it is an incitement to industry, and as such, is entitled to most particular regard and consideration. The bees subsist all the winter long, flies only live in summer.

" This little poem still tends to the further commendation of a similar subject, the value of time. I wish I could call myself to so strict account, as to ask, how I had passed every hour of my past life? How vain were the research!'

" Madam, we wish only to read the poem now; we will repeat it to-morrow."

" My dear children, to attempt the retention of any subject in haste is never to remember it at all. This is the error of common schoolmasters and mistresses, not understanding what they teach; they think all learning consists in loading the memory. Loading the memory is like overloading the stomach, we cannot assimilate the subject to the sense. Memory and reflection are twin brothers, and one has little latitude of sense, unless it communes with the other. Take your time in fixing the poem in your memories, and you will most assuredly never forget it; but, I enjoin you to repeat it often, and to descant on the sense of all you read and learn, so that you do it with politeness; since argument has led to research, and research has led to truth, which cannot be purchased too dearly.

" Those who form their opinions, or rather rest them, solely on the judgment of others, will never know any thing.

To load the memory, is not to convince the understanding; and it is very easy for a tyrant, or a pedagogue, when vested with power, to impose that on others which they will not submit to themselves. A master that punishes a lad because he cannot construe a grammatical sentence, which he could not do himself without the book, merits the punishment of Haman; but such things are.

"Injustice, oppression, tyranny, or inconsistency, always induce me to make long speeches. I was again forgetting the poem:

AURELIA AND THE SPIDER.

"The muslin torn, from tears of grief,
In vain Aurelia sought relief;
In sighs and plaints she pass'd the day,
The tatter'd frock neglected lay.
While busied at the weaving trade,
A spider heard the sighing maid,

And kindly stopping, silence broke—
Thus wisely once a spider spoke:
'Turn, little girl! behold in me,
'A stimulus to industry.
'Compare your poignant pangs with mine,
'Then, tell me, who may most repine?
'With cause repine; for adverse fate
'Confirms me still the child of hate.
'This morning, ere you left your room,
'The chamber-maid's remorseless broom,
'In one sad moment that destroy'd
'Which, erst, some hundred hours employ'd!
'The shock was great; but as my life
'I sav'd in the relentless strife,
'I knew lamenting was in vain,
'And labour'd at my task again.
'This little mansion to restore,
'I work'd till I could work no more.
'Chance left a thread; I thither ran,
'For work's half done when well began.
'The filmy cord for me was strong,
'With eager stride I pac'd along,
'And, lo! the beauteous web I've made,
'May bid art blush, tho' wisdom aid.
'Thus, if each tear Aurelia 's shed
'Had been a needle-full of thread;
'If every sigh of sad despair
'Had been a stitch, with proper care
'Clos'd would have been that luckless rent,
'Nor had the day been thus misspent'."

EVENING THE EIGHTEENTH.

THIS evening, after the usual avocations, the young gentleman entered, and entreated Mrs. Mordant to pursue her subject. My father, Madam, is much pleased with what I detail to him; and he says too, that your spider is very eloquent, and that he shall shortly expect to have the cobwebs hanging before his eyes all over the house."

"Your father is pleased to be facetious, Sir: I do not arrogate to myself the little moral piece; I copied it originally from a work published by Watson, Edinburgh, but I have taken the liberty to alter and amplify it for your sisters. The greater part of the spider's speech is mine, as also six or eight of the other lines.

"My sentiments on anatomy, if I

recollect rightly, broke off my conversation respecting illustrious men rather abruptly; and now that I am about to recommence it, I fear you will think me rather partial to my own countrymen, when I introduce to your acquaintance John Harrison; but as he certainly ascertained the longitude at sea, beyond any other man, he cannot be too much prized or commemorated by his country.

"The instrument known by the name of Harrison's Time-keeper, has, to my certain knowledge, often saved a whole fleet from destruction; for, had it not been for it, the ships had inevitably been wrecked on a lee-shore. This was precisely the case with the fleet under the late Sir Robert Harland in the year 1774, when on its way to the East Indies. The Buckingham man of war was slightly damaged ere the error of the navigator was discovered, and signals given to change the course. What an invaluable instrument then is this! yet our nation's plighted faith was broken to this man."

"Johnson—Doctor Samuel.

"Jonson, Benjamin—on whose beautiful epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke, I will give you a parody for himself:

PARODY.

'Underneath this stone doth lie,
As much learning as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much wisdom as could live.'

"Kepler—whose genius and industry merit the gratitude of mankind.

"Linnæus—whose life I have given you in abstract.

"Mordant, George—whose recent death is now so pathetically lamented. It is a strange inconsistency in the nature of man, that he can affect to weep over the fate of another when dead, to whom he would not lend assistance when living; for it is a well-known fact, that Mordant was frequently without the common necessaries of life; yet there was no generous nobleman, or commoner, that could

spare him a small portion of his superfluous hoard. Mordant lived as Chatterton lived, as his own Grey Lark lives, on the gleanings of the waste; and died as poor Chatterton died. Even now, we seem to want taste to appreciate his works: six of his best drawings are in the cabinet at Versailles, and his copies in France are innumerable. His portrait, and prints of his works, are multiplied there; and to be seen in every print-shop in Paris, while in England he is scarcely known! A lady, of no common understanding, with whom I am acquainted, being shewn into a parlour, for a few moments, while attending the leisure of her friend, whom she called to visit, was struck with a painting of a farm-yard by this great master; among the objects, was a pig eating a cabbage-leaf: it struck her forcibly, but she passed round the room to look at other performances, till again coming to the picture, she involuntarily exclaimed, 'So the pig has not eaten the cabbage-leaf yet!' Perhaps as

great a compliment as ever was paid to an artist.

" Moliere.

" Newton—our immortal countryman.

" Paré, Philip—the unrivalled German grammarian.

" Paris, Matthew—the most comprehensive scholar perhaps that ever existed, termed, by way of pre-eminence, the universal one.

" Quintilian.

" Quintin.

" Rabelais.

" Rembrant—the self-taught prodigy.

" Raleigh, Sir Walter.

" Rousseau.

" Rubens—whose painting of the Last Judgment is said to be the finest picture in the world."

" How large is it, Madam?" said the Etonian.

" It is, I believe, nearly twenty feet in height, by fourteen or sixteen in breadth (for, as I have frequently said, I speak from recollection): in it are delineated a

multitude of countenances, depictive of all the varied and complicated expressions of the human heart. Among those who have already passed the barrier, that separates the truly good from those that are awaiting the fiat of the Almighty, or those who are sinking into the everlasting abyss, is the figure of a negro; and that spark of humanity, which prompted this glorious man to place the sooty likeness there, I should hope and trust, concurring with other virtues, obtained for him that immortality, which, while earth abides, will be his portion here.

"I must inform you, my children, that this immortal artist has introduced his own portrait among those who still, with such inexpressible and silently awful anxiety, are awaiting the final decree that is to consign everlastingly the children of mortality."

"Is the picture in England, Madam?"

"I really cannot inform you where it now is. A very few years since it was in the gallery at Dusseldorff.

" There are paintings of this exquisite master, finished in a day, that others could not have attained to the perfection of during their lives. For further information respecting him I refer you to the Honourable Horace Walpole's Anecdotes of Painters; and to Dr. Cogan's Travels on the Rhine—a book replete with information, and possessing traits of humour that would have credited Cervantes. But if we are so prolix in our comments, we shall never have done with our list of low-born worthies. I must not, however, omit to tell you, that Vandyke was the favourite pupil of Rubens.

" Roubilliac.

" Salvator Rosa.

" Shakspere.

" Shirwin—who has been denominated 'The British Claude'—was the son of a peasant, who, until he was nineteen years of age, employed him in such laborious avocations as the earning his daily bread demanded. About that time, a gentleman, named Mitford, near Pet-

worth, in Sussex, employed him to cut down wood; and, being one day, by mere accident, admitted into a room where some of the family were amusing themselves with drawing, Mr. Mitford thought he observed an eagerness of curiosity in the eye of the young man, that proceeded from an ardent wish to try if he could do any thing in that way; on which that gentleman considerately condescended to offer him a portcrayon: and thus did chance lead to the discovery of one of the most exquisite geniuses the world ever produced.

"Young Shirwin immediately outlined from his own imagination, and although his hand was so intensely hard, from labour, that he found difficulty in grasping the penknife to shape his pencil, he soon produced a drawing that astonished not only all present, but the Society of Arts, to whom it was soon afterwards presented by Mr. Mitford; and the society voted Shirwin the silver medal on this occasion.

" Shirwin now removed to London, and put himself under the justly celebrated Bartolozzi, and, in the short space of three years, carried away both the gold and silver medals from all the students of the Royal Academy!

" Shirwin died 1790, when he had scarcely attained his twenty-ninth year; but the works of his immortal graver will endure while his native Britain is Queen among the nations:

" And lo! at last, from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues from the wave the golden morn!'

W. FALCONER.

" Pope Sextus the Fifth—was the son of a poor vine-dresser, or, as others say, of a swine-herd, who, being unable to maintain him, put him out to a farmer to keep his sheep, or other stock. For further particulars of that extraordinary man, I refer you to the Lives of the Popes. I have often named him before, and always with honourable mention; indeed his name ought always, particularly

among those of the popes, to be written in letters of gold. He who uses the most unbounded power but to bestow happiness, is surely the most praise-worthy among mankind.

" Terentius Publius—commonly called Terence, was a Carthaginian by birth, and born a slave. He was publicly exposed for sale in the slave-market at Rome, and purchased by Terentius Publius, who, being charmed with his genius, generously gave him his liberty, as also his name; and thus, says Madame Dacier, 'while he has immortalized the name of a benevolent master, he has by a singular fatality lost his own.'

" Tillotson.

" Virgil.

" Vivares, Francis—perhaps the best landscape engraver that ever existed.

" Wallace, Sir William—the illustrious Caledonian patriot, who was unjustly tried by the English laws, and basely put to death by Edward the First.

" Werf, Vander—was the son of a miller.

" Thus," continued Mrs. Mordant, "I have, in part, fulfilled my promise; and named to you a few of those great characters, who, by the mere force of genius and industry, have surmounted all difficulties, and climbed to the very summit of the precipice of Fame, where she has recorded their names, to endure for ever."

" You say a few, Madam," said Miss Denzel.

" I do my dear; some future evening I may probably recollect many others.

" Cardinal Wolsey I purposely omitted, because it is my intention, as I believe I have told you before, to give you a sketch of his life—the leading outlines only in the character of that great man; which I shall leave you to throw into light, or shade, or colour, at discretion."

" You call him great, Madam," exclaimed the Etonian.

"Undoubtedly, Sir—illustrious."

"I have always understood, Madam, that he was the very reverse. I have heard that he was vicious, extravagant, proud, covetous, and ostentatious," rejoined the young gentleman.

"Wolsey's exalted rank and great influence, Sir, from so low an origin, produced him many enemies. Had he been a son of a Duke of Norfolk, instead of the offspring of a butcher at Ipswich, history had probably treated him with less severity; for, then, most of his faults would have been written in water, and his virtues engraven on brass.

"'Kindnesses,' says the Arabian proverb, 'are written upon sand, and the least wind effaces them; but injuries are engraven on marble, and their impressions are as indelible on our hearts.'

"Shakspere thought, respecting Wolsey, as I do. I will give you a quotation illustrative of the above; it is from the character of his secretary Cromwell (afterwards Thomas, earl of Essex) to

Queen Catharine, in the play of King Henry the Eighth.

'Noble Madam——
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water——
This Cardinal, tho' from an humble stock,
Undoubtedly was fashion'd to much honour;
From his cradle he was a scholar,
And a ripe and good one——
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading.'

"This is no exaggerated picture of Wolsey; it is only the candid delineation of a friend.

"In his vices, as a Roman catholic dignitary, he was not singular; even the sovereign pontiff himself was not exempt from such atrocities as would hardly be endured in laymen at this day; of which any unprejudiced person may be convinced by reading the Lives of the Popes.

"You will recollect that Queen Catharine resided at Ampthill while her divorce was pending. The late Lord Orford's lines on her, and the consequent

effects of her divorce, are well worthy your attention—

'In days of yore here Ampthill towers were seen,
The mournful refuge of an injur'd queen;
Here flow'd her pure, but unavailing tears,
Here blinded zeal sustain'd her wintry years:
Yet freedom here, her radiant banner wav'd,
And love aveng'd a realm by priests enslaved;
From Catharine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
And Luther's light from Henry's lawless bed.'

"Good night, my dear young friends. Be serious and devout in your evening prayers. We will assemble early to-morrow afternoon, for I have much to tell you—once more, Good night.

EVENING THE NINETEENTH.

SKETCH

OF THE LIFE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

" THOMAS WOLSEY was the son of a butcher at Ipswich, who was however wealthy enough to give him a liberal education. He was born in the month of March 1471, and made bachelor of arts 1485, so that he had hardly attained his fourteenth year; a circumstance that has no parallel, that I ever heard of, in our English universities.

" It is worthy of remark here, that Lewis the Eleventh invested Giovanni de Medici with the tonsura at the age of seven years! and, at the age of thirteen, this reverend abbot was elevated to the dignity of a cardinal! But Giovanni was of one of the most illustrious families in

Europe. I derive this information from Roscoe's Life of Leo the Tenth.

"It ought to be particularly remarked, that Wolsey's rapid rise in the university was entirely owing to his own merit; and, although he was called by his fellows, in contempt of his youth, 'The Boy Bachelor,' he was the very next year, elected fellow of Magdalen; and, when master of arts, had the care of the school adjoining to that college, where he was intrusted with the education of the three sons of Thomas Grey, marquis of Dorset, and gave that noble personage such entire satisfaction, that he presented him to the rectory of Lymington, into which he was instituted in October 1500, being then twenty-nine years of age, and no way exemplary in his life or manners; for he had not been long in possession of his benefice, before Sir Amicus Pawlet, a justice of the peace, set him in the public stocks for drunkenness and disorderly behaviour: certainly a very undue exercise of the right wor-

shipful magistrate's authority; but such a one as might have reflected an indelible disgrace on a man of less genius and perseverance, and, I may add, of less good fortune than Wolsey. But this was a mere 'burr thrown upon him in holiday foolery;' for, although he very soon lost his kind patron, the Marquis of Dorset, he had address enough to ingratiate himself into the good graces of Henry Dean, archbishop of Canterbury, by whom he was introduced to Sir John Nanfan, treasurer of Calais, who was so charmed with his writing and conversation, that he took him into his service; and, being himself very weakly and infirm, committed the direction of his office almost solely to his secretary; with whose address, genius, and expertness, he was so entirely satisfied, that he warmly recommended him to his majesty (Henry the Seventh), who appointed him one of his chaplains 1505. Wolsey continued in this station till the accession of Henry

the Eighth, under whose favour he soon rose to be archbishop of York, chancellor of England, and priest of St. Cicily.

" Wolsey aspired to the papal throne on the death of Leo the Tenth; but the holy conclave, probably under the influence of Charles the First, king of Spain, conferred the dignity on Adrian the Sixth, who enjoyed it but a short time, and gave place to Clement the Seventh, to whom succeeded Paul the Third, a sketch of whose history I will give you some future day.—We must now return to Wolsey, who fell under the king's displeasure, for not conforming implicitly to his wishes. A minister was, with Henry the Eighth, to have no ideas but those entertained by his sovereign. Cranmer was at hand to supply his place, and Cranmer, if not quite so brilliantly gifted as Wolsey, had perhaps more integrity. That he wanted Wolsey's constancy, one only instance evinced; and his recantation,

and conduct at the stake, were glorious indeed. I refer you to our historians, who, I think, all agree in this point.

" Wolsey was presented with a bill of indictment, from the attorney-general, by order of the king, and he was soon afterward commanded, as you saw in the play of Henry the Eighth, to resign the great seal. 'Crimes,' says Goldsmith, 'are soon found against a favourite in disgrace;' (I quote Goldsmith as a moralist, not as an historian); and you may depend, truth was not in all matters strictly adhered to. The speech of the Lord Chamberlain, when Norfolk, Suffolk, and Surrey, are, or have been, reviling Wolsey, in the play before mentioned, is so admirable that I shall quote it:

'O, my lords!
Press not the fall'n man too far—'tis virtue—
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him—My heart bleeds to see him
So little of his great self.'

" Soon after the resignation of the great

seal, Wolsey was ordered to quit York Place palace, and all his furniture, plate, linen, &c. &c. were seized on, and converted to the king's use; an action at once so licentious and unwarrantable, that we are impelled to condemn the monarch, and despise the minions of his power.

"Wolsey had undergone no trial, for this outrage was committed before he was arrested for high treason; and it was then that preparations were made for conducting him from York, whither he had retired, that he might be taken to London as a criminal. So, to speak in the plainest language, his majesty, the King of England, first plundered the man of all he had in the world, and then arraigned him as a robber! On the road, however, Wolsey sickened, and, after continuing a fortnight at the Earl of Shrewsbury's, he reached Leicester Abbey, where he was honourably received by the holy fathers, when he addressed himself to the superior, in the remarkable manner of which our

matchless bard has almost given us the exact copy:

'O! Father Abbot!
An old man, broken with the storms of fate,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth for charity.'

"I am to learn at what period the Earl of Shrewsbury's motto, 'Prest d'accomplir'—'Ready to perform'—was appended to his lordship's armorial bearing. His refusing to forsake his old friend in his exigency, when all others, the virtuous Thomas Cromwell excepted, were combined against him, might probably have given rise to it. 'I am ready to perform that in a man's adversity, which I promised him in his prosperity,' is evidently implied by it, and the instance adduced seems so very signal, that I have little doubt but thence it was adopted; at all events, origins of names, arms, and mottos, are given us, which are far less probable.

" Wolsey was seriously ill when he arrived at the abbey: his disorder increased rapidly, and, retiring to bed, he shortly afterwards expired; but not before he had begged remission of his sins with the greatest fervour and devotion; and during his last moments actually did utter that pathetic exclamation we read in Shakspere:

' Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in my old age
Here left me naked to mine enemies.'

" It is rather remarkable, that Columbus, after having discovered the new world, made a speech somewhat similar to that made by Cardinal Wolsey.

" The captain of the ship, which was bringing home Columbus, out of respect to the character and abilities of that great man, offered to strike off his fetters, and make his passage as agreeable as possible. ' I thank you, Sir,' said he, ' but these chains are the rewards and

honours for my services to my king, to whom I have been as faithful as I have been to God, and as such I will carry them with me.'

"But to Wolsey;—the arbitrary will of a cruel and capricious tyrant could seize on the private property of an individual, whom he had formerly made the friend of his bosom, whose wisdom had been his stay and resource, and whose utmost powers had been exerted in his service; and having appropriated all to his own use, even to the very bed on which his aged servant used to repose, he could turn out his grey hairs to all the inclemency of the skies and all the opprobrium of his enemies. A humane man would not have behaved so unfeelingly to a perfect stranger, who was so endowed, and who had been accustomed so long to habits of life so distinct from those connected with want or indigence. And it was, in my opinion, the utmost refinement of humility and charity in the mind of Wolsey, that he could still speak so respectfully of his unprincipled oppressor.

"It is recorded in Hoddesden's Life of Sir Thomas More, that he (Sir Thomas), being then Speaker of the House of Commons, Wolsey was sent thither on a message from the king, when Sir Thomas More, falling on his knees, apologized to the cardinal, excusing the silence of the members, by saying, they were abashed at the presence of so noble a personage; a signal proof, if any were wanting, in what estimation Wolsey was then held. A monarch's favour may render a man respectable, but not to that excess; his own merits must be superadded to make the scale preponderate."

"You throw a lustre round the character of Wolsey, Madam," said young Mr. Denzel, "that I hardly thought him entitled to, until I heard you speak of him. I always thought he was a very bad man."

"He was far from faultless, Sir; but his ambition was the most glaring of his vices; and, it must be acknowledged, was that the least becoming his holy function. He that could aspire to an

income that exceeded the revenues of the crown, and retained eight hundred persons in his retinue, among whom were ten noblemen, fifteen knights, and forty esquires, was assuredly no proper follower of the doctrine of the New Testament, which inculcates humility so forcibly, that nothing but an absolute dereliction from its precepts can warrant pride in any of its followers, much less in its pastors and ministers.

"'Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, but in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal;' and possitively abjures all the mammon of this world."

"And was not Wolsey unwarrantably ambitious in aspiring to the papal chair, Madam, considering the lowliness of his birth, and the honours he had attained to?" said the Etonian.

"I see nothing unwarrantable in that, Sir; Clement the Seventh, and Paul the Third, a sketch of whose character I told you I would give you, were, in all

respects, inferior to Wolsey, although they had it in their power to oppose Henry the Eighth, so as to impel that monarch to throw off the papal yoke in these kingdoms.

" Many of the popes have risen from the lowest of the people; and few of them by means so laudable, or pretensions so forcible. With one instance, however, to the repulsion of my own assertion, I shall conclude this evening's conversation; and give you an anecdote of that truly great man Pope Sextus the Fifth. I quote, in this instance, the editor of the European Magazine from memory.

" The life of Pope Sextus the Fifth exhibits an extraordinary instance, in which genius and talents have lifted their possessors far above the disadvantages of humble birth, or indigent circumstances; and have enabled them not only to counteract adversity, but to command fortune. It was therefore well said by him, while he was cardinal, to an Italian prince, over whom, in an argu-

ment, he had so exceedingly the advantage, as to excite the admiration of the company; which impelled his angry and weak antagonist to reflect on his origin, by saying, 'He wondered at the presumption of a man whose father was nothing but a swine-herd!'—'True, my lord,' replied Sextus; 'and if it had been your fate to have been born the son of a swine-herd, no one would have found it needful to reflect on you, for you would still have continued in the same employment.' The pontifical chair has, in my opinion, been seldom so well filled as it would have been by Wolsey, who was learned himself, and the patron of learned men. He had none of that insidious weakness which strives to depress others, that he might stand unrivalled: no; conscious of his own strength, he would rather have surmounted an honourable competitor. I will only contrast him with Pope Paul the Second, under whose pontificate an attempt was made to establish an academy, but the jealousy

of that haughty, ignorant, hypocritical priest, defeated the laudable intention; and the unfortunate men of that age, who had exerted their talents, were consigned to the dungeon and the rack! Paul finished his earthly career in the year 1464. Wolsey was born only seven years after the death of this disgrace to science and humanity.

" It is perhaps a circumstance not unworthy your attention, and therefore I shall tell it you; that the library, left by the Jesuits at Bahia, has never been suffered to be opened; but the books still remain, and are there huddled together, and covered with filth, through the illiberal repellance to information on the part of the catholic church. Gracious heaven! that the labours of the student should be frustrated, and the estimable information that books give thus be lost to the world! What a horrid religion must that be, which the unveiling of truth may undo!

" Hume, the historian, says (for I

speak on his authority, and I need no higher), there is a story told by Robert of Avesbury, which will demonstrate to a certainty the profound ignorance of the fourteenth century, more than if it were to be illustrated by a volume of words.

THE STORY.

" Pope Clement the Sixth having, in the year 1344, created Lewis of Spain prince of the Fortunate Islands, meaning the Canaries, then newly discovered; the English ambassador at Rome, and his retinue, immediately hurried home, to convey this important intelligence, which had filled them with the utmost dread, as they conceived his holiness had created Lewis King of England!

" Yet! continues the enlightened historian, ' such was the ardour for study, that Speed affirms, there were, at that time, thirty thousand students at Oxford!' What, if we may presume to ask, was the

occupation of these young gentlemen? To learn bad Latin, and worse logic.

" Men of genius dared not explore the secrets of science until the end of the fifteenth century. To behold a world, that had stood nearly four thousand years, so full of people, and so capable of improvement, still so deplorably debased and lost, may create our astonishment. They had, says a very elegant anonymous writer—

' Philosophy, without experiment;
' Mathematics, without instruments;
' Geometry, without scale; and
' Astronomy, without demonstration'."

Mr. Denzel, junior, still seemed to think Mrs. Mordant had done the character of Cardinal Wolsey more than justice. This opinion she strove to controvert and repel; and retrospected all she had said with some degree of energy, and finally said—

" The man who is learned himself, and the patron of those who are learned, is at all times worthy of honour. Had Wolsey

attained the papal dignity, and lived until the unfortunate Galileo lived (of whom I promised you a brief account), which was hardly possible, as more than half a century elapsed between the death of the one, and the astronomical discoveries and intelligent writings of the other. But had, I say, such a thing been possible, instead of that horrid and scandalous persecution, which Galileo suffered from the Inquisition, he would have received the applause and honour so justly his due.

" Clement the Eighth was pope when the immortal Galileo was cited to appear before the holy office in Rome, and Clement seems to have been not a whit superior to his predecessor Paul the Second; for Galileo was charged with heresy for maintaining two propositions:

" First, That the sun is in the centre of the world, and immoveable by a local motion. And

" Secondly, That the earth is not the centre of the world, nor immoveable, but actually moves by a diurnal motion.

"The Inquisition, on examination of these tenets, pronounced sentence against him and his books, and obliged him to abjure his opinion or submit to the flames! and even after this committed him, Galileo, to the prison of their holy office, during pleasure; and this immortal, and never to be enough admired man, was, by these more than demi fiends, actually confined in a dungeon nearly twenty years!!! as Galileo was not liberated until the year 1634, being in the eleventh year of the pontificate of Pope Urban the Eighth. Galileo's dialogues on the system of the world (what a pity that the phœnix of literature was not there!) were publicly burnt at Rome!!! But the standard of truth still flies, and the catholic church will sink amidst the filth in which it rose!—when the walls of the Inquisition are ravaged. That day is near—may its archives die! yea, for ever!

"Galileo was the inventor of the telescope, and the greatest astronomer that ever existed—Newton excepted, though

he only improved on the Galileonian system: for Galileo first discovered the exact degree of celerity in the descent of bodies by the force of gravity. And that he excelled all men before him as a geometrician, is evident from the instruments of his invention still in use.

" This wonderful man, whose mind in this imperfect sphere was so nearly allied to the Almighty, gave up his superior soul to its abundantly beneficent Source 1642.

" I make no apology for, or comments on, what I have said of him; because my indignation at the unworthy treatment he experienced, deprives me of any expression that would convey an adequate idea of my feelings. The execrations I could utter are too empassioned to be used as the guardians, and would rather appear as the champions of truth. A just cause may need auxiliaries; but when the battle is won, we may venture to disband the forces and dispense with our powers. The truths that were persecuted

as falsehoods, have long since been proved by demonstration; and we have only to be grateful to the Almighty that we have lived to see happier days. Indeed, to see the refulgent sun! Science now surrounds us with such a splendour of light, that we seem allied to immortality, having, amidst the glorious halo that surrounds us, no shadow.

"And now, Sir, I have nearly done with my comments on Wolsey, whose character has led me rather further than I intended; I wished to rescue his memory from the insults it has sustained, and have stated facts which cannot be controverted.

"Wolsey founded two colleges, one at Oxford, and the other at his native city of Ipswich. And now, Sir," continued Mrs. Mordant, "I hope you think with me that Wolsey was not so very unworthy the papal throne."

"Madam, I am your convert ever," said the Etonian.

'Sir, I ask not for that simple acquiescence, which is the false politeness

and adulterated coin of the world; the flippart world I mean. One sentence proceeding from the heart is, to me, worth a volume engendered in the brain. Say you are convinced, I am satisfied; if it be not so, say otherwise.

"Montaigne, I think it was, who said, 'that his housekeeper and his cat were no flatterers; for that the one laughed when he said any thing that pleased her, and the other purred when he caressed her; and that these were the only two honest creatures he knew.' You will pardon me, but I wish you to apply the aphorism. My dear children, I perceive you begin to droop, and no wonder; I am really shocked when I see to what a length I have extended the evening: great talkers never count the time, which is estimable above all things; to bed now, or we shall not rouse ourselves ere noon to-morrow."

EVENING THE TWENTIETH.

"THE sketch I promised you, my dear children, of the life and death of Thomas Cromwell, earl of Essex, as he was the friend and servant of Cardinal Wolsey, can never be more properly introduced than at this instant."

"I think you told-us, Madam, that he arose from a very low station indeed," said Miss Maria.

"Undoubtedly, my dear; for of him I may requote the words I used yesterday: 'He not only counteracted adversity, but seemed to command fortune.' I can only attempt to convey to you an imperfect idea of the genius, influence, and rise of Thomas Cromwell, who was indeed no more than the son of a poor blacksmith at Putney, and from the in-

digence of his parents had no education, a disadvantage which it is reasonable to think would have been insurmountable; and the more so, as we first find an account of him as a private soldier under the Duke of Bourbon, at the sacking of Rome 1527. Here Cromwell, self-taught, obtained the French and Latin languages; and on his return to England, was admitted into the service of Cardinal Wolsey, to whom he so recommended himself by his industry, fidelity, and genius, that he progressively advanced him in his service, until he at length appointed him his solicitor. How well he was worthy of his illustrious master's confidence, and suited to the high post assigned him, he fully demonstrated in the House of Commons, when he so ably and eloquently defended the cardinal against the articles of the impeachment. Henry, barbarian as he was, was struck with his manly and noble conduct; for Cromwell stood alone; and from that day retained him in his own

service. His address and integrity, with whatever he was intrusted, so commended him to the king, as they had previously done to Wolsey, that he speedily advanced him to the first dignities in the realm.

"I will enumerate his offices and titles, as a check to inordinate ambition, and to demonstrate the uncertain tenure of all sublunary things.

" Thomas Cromwell, in the year 1531, was made a privy counsellor, and master of the Jewel House; the year following, clerk of the hanaper and chancellor of the exchequer; and in 1534, principal secretary of state and master of the rolls.—Thomas Cromwell was one of the chief actors in the abolishment of papal power; and when the supremacy was declared to be vested in the king, perhaps the proudest day England ever saw, Cromwell was appointed vicar-general over all the church. The king also made him lord-keeper of the privy-seal:—and on the 9th of July, 1536, advanced him to

the dignity of the peerage—by the title of Lord Cromwell, Baron of Oakham, in the county of Rutland:—and the year following, he was appointed chief-justice itinerant of all the forests beyond the Trent:—and August the 26th, 1537, he was created knight of the garter.—In 1538, he was invested with the constableship of Carisbrooke castle, in the Isle of Wight; and about the same time obtained a grant of the castle and manor of Oakham; and almost innumerable other grants and perquisites! April 17th, 1540, he was created Earl of Essex, and made lord high chamberlain of England; and executed the 28th of July, the same year!!!"

"What could possibly occasion such a sudden reverse of fortune?" said the Etonian.—"The catholic party again obtaining the ascendancy, the virtuous Cromwell was sacrificed to jealousy, barbarity, and hatred, assisted by an infamous woman, Catharine Howard, niece to the Duke of Norfolk, who had long

considered Cromwell his rival in power, and whom he abominated in his heart on account of the lowness of his origin, his support of the protestant cause, and his lenity in obtaining pardons for those whom the duke wished to destroy.

" Goldsmith is unjust to the character of Cromwell. An historian, like a governor, should have a very magnanimous soul—his contempt of Cromwell, on account of his birth, is very much beneath the dignity of history. Thomas Cromwell's humanity, his candour, his learning, his magnanimity, and his eloquence, are acknowledged by all historians—more—his virtue—the virtuous Cromwell! and surrounded by such rays of glory, emanating from the Sun of truth—is his birth to be brought forward as a debasement of his character by an historian? No; the eagle hatched on the declivity nearest heaven, soars not higher than the sod-cradled lark.

" Huddlesden, whom I yesterday quoted, seems to have the inclination to

speak ill of Thomas Cromwell, without the ability; the aspersions he affects to throw on him, in the so recently quoted history of Sir Thomas More, are the very reverse of truth, as all will find, who will compare them with the History of England. Huddlesden, page 99 particularly. Huddlesden was a catholic."

"Why was Sir Thomas More beheaded? I always understood he was an excellent man."

"Sir Thomas was beheaded in the worst cause a man ever died to support—the affirmation of the pope's supremacy."

"That was merely a matter of opinion, Madam."

"Certainly; Sir Thomas More was guilty of no crime."

"And was Lord Cromwell guilty of no crime either? Did he die innocently too?"

"Unless you impute ambition to him as guilt, he certainly was innocent; and

it is probable he had not more ambition than most other men; his honours seem to have been 'thrust upon him' by Henry; and who would not be happy to accept the munificence of their lawful prince?

"Cromwell's memory ought to be venerated by all the reformed church; for he was the chief pillar that supported the protestant faith: for further particulars I refer you to history.

"Thomas Cromwell, earl of Essex, was executed with circumstances of very peculiar barbarity; but, excepting that his tenderness unmanned him when he parted with his son, he evinced no weakness, dying, as he lived, with a magnanimity worthy of his illustrious character. Hundreds that had envied his greatness wept at his fall.

"The catholics only rejoiced at the death of Cromwell, earl of Essex; for it was by his advice that all their fantastic reliques and holy trumpery were destroy-

ed, or confiscated for the use of the state. The filthy towels, which were then burnt at Canterbury, were said to be those which Becket used when dying; precious relics indeed! Is it not sufficient to create a doubt in any reasonable mind, when we read that, previous to Cromwell's being made vicar-general, Becket had engrossed the far greater part of the worship due to the Almighty, that those who tell us such absurdities deal in fiction? and but that we know two large folio volumes full of the most extraordinary miracles, said to have been performed at Becket's tomb, were kept in the church, we should, at this day, be induced to wonder how reasonable creatures, like ourselves, could submit to such impositions; for nothing was ever further from sainted sanctity than the character of Becket, who connived at murder and protected murderers, who was actually convicted of perjury, and covered with crimes that would have condemned a layman to death; and who was more-

over insolent, turbulent, and ungrateful to his royal and munificent sovereign, whose life he assisted to embitter. Lucifer, as drawn by Milton, is but Becket's second self.

" It is remarkable that, when the worship of Becket was in vogue with the catholic church, the holy Virgin was almost forgotten, although, at other times, persons of that faith seem to consider her superior to God Almighty. In a recent victory obtained by the Spaniards, thanks were publicly given to the Virgin for her assistance and interference in their favour; but through the whole preamble and conclusion there was scarcely a mention of God! When to kneel, and weep, and smite the breast, at Becket's tomb was the fashion, above a hundred thousand pilgrims, visitors to it, have been registered, at one time, in Canterbury. Lewis the Twelfth of France made a pilgrimage thither, and left on the shrine a jewel esteemed the richest in

Christendom. I have read that it was afterward worn by Queen Elizabeth in a stay-hook, and shaped the cestus of a virgin queen. Lewis was weak enough to impute the prince his son's recovery to this fanaticism and folly. The prince had been frightened by chambermaids, and was afraid of being in the dark, which was the cause of his malady. He should have done as a poor pilgrim did that I will tell you of by and by. I have yet a few words on this subject.

" So great was the pious veneration of bigotted credulity toward Becket, that even kings pulled off their shoes and stockings when they first came in sight of the cathedral turrets, and at either entrance they are in view nearly a mile from the city; and thither they marched on in all weathers, bare footed and bare-headed: voluntarily bereft of that temporal crown, so much the object of contention, hatred, and envy—that bauble which bereaves, by its fancied value,

millions of their most prominent joys, and millions of their latent hopes. The mother's darling is gone, to return no more! What hamlet echoes not to their sighs? He went to support what? frequently power, without virtue; and a cause founded in rapine and dishonour. The man that would scorn a falsehood, probably dies to support one; and all the virtuous and estimable goods of life are sacrificed to glut the views of vice, folly, and ambition. Millions bleed, wholly ignorant of the quarrel in which they are engaged, in which they never could have had an idea of enlisting; as it probably originated in a plan to enslave them, and ended in the sacrifice of their lives.

" Henry the Eighth, by the advice of Thomas Cromwell, earl of Essex, ordered the name of Saint Thomas Becket of Canterbury to be erased out of the Calendar, and, as I before said, confiscated the treasures, which were real and im-

mense; unlike those false gems and deceptive metal lately found in the temple appropriated for the reception and treasure of the Lady at Loretto.

" The denial of the power of the Virgin Mary over God, one of the tenets of the catholic church, was the crime for which Walter Lollard suffered death. He was burnt alive at Cologne in the year 1322.

" The Lollard's Tower, at the palace, Lambeth, was built to confine and torture his followers; and not those of Wickliffe, as recent writers have affirmed."

" You say, Madam, that false gems and deceptive gold were found to be the treasure of the Virgin at Loretto," said Edmund Denzel.

" Certainly, Sir; the French troops who despoiled her temple, were sadly disappointed in their booty; as the holy fathers there had sold the offerings which were of real value, and, as they said, had applied the money to deeds of charity, substituting coloured glass and gilded

lead for all that vast variety of diamonds, and those innumerable vessels and ornaments of gold, which were the supposed treasures of the Virgin. For a list of what they were said to be, I refer you to Mr. Wraxall's Travels; books replete with taste and correct information. Some other evening I will give you a description of Montserrat, and the treasures of the Virgin Mary at that convent.

"I have yet a few words to add respecting Thomas Cromwell, which I cannot omit, as they tend to do justice to the character of Cranmer, who was the only man that testified a friendship for Cromwell in the day of his adversity. Archbishop Cranmer actually wrote to, and remonstrated with, the king; but his praise-worthy efforts were of no avail; for the earl was never suffered to have minutes of his trial, or to be heard in his own defence: traits of tyranny and baseness in the character of Henry the Eighth, if any were wanting, that might

fully confirm all that has been said respecting him.

" How thankful we ought to be, that there is now a prescribed code, which guarantees even for the justice and virtue of princes! Their actions, if evil, must, like those of other men, rest wholly on themselves. The law is not to be wrested, or the judgment perverted: in matters of right the subject is equal to the sovereign. The powers of reason have been advantageously employed, with respect to the laws, the arts, and the sciences. Fancy only has run to riot in our enlightened day; and the trash that has been written as poetry and romance would, if collected, be sufficient to freight the whole navy of Great Britain. The numerous abortive imitations of Anne Ratcliffe and Regina Roache are particularly abominable, tending to lead the mind wholly from the study of truth into the wild field of romantic incredibility.

" Ratcliffe and Roache have been content to give the resemblance only of

ghosts and goblins; and, after 'harrowing up the soul,' have elucidated such scenes to the understanding, by demonstrating their causes and effects. The numerous copyists of those ladies have, for the most part, given us such works, as a sign-painter would, if he attempted to design after the figures of Raphael. A gentleman, of very superior abilities, has prostituted them in this way; for had he been content to have rivalled only, he might, perhaps, have excelled: in the attempt to outdo, he has outraged all probability; and we are left to pity the fatality of his attempts, and deplore the waste of his talents. I have been led to make these reflections by observing Miss Denzel and her sisters to be much attracted by a very popular ballad, compared to which the story of the Ghost of the Windmill in Jack Boots, which we read of in Goody Two Shoes, seems consistent. I have therefore written one, which is marvellously coloured: if it tends, in the

least, to correct a vitiated taste, it answers all the purposes for which it was intended.

THE PILGRIM, AND THE SPECTRES OF LOWENSTEIN.

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD.

" ' Near the castle of Lowenstein, who late at night,
For one hour, dares wander alone?
Where spectres terrific the trav'llers affright,
And fearfully murmur and moan.'

' Who,' said a bold pilgrim, in cockle-shell sheen,
' Propos'd the bold question I heard?
I dare thrice to wander around Lowenstein.'
Said the stranger—' I challenge your word.'

' By faith, or by truth, or whate'er you may ask,'
Said the pilgrim, ' I thither will roam.'
'Come on; virtue needs neither breastplate nor casque;
'Tis night, and so now we are gone!'

Three miles was the distance; but, lo! in a trice
The pilgrim found himself there;
And Lowenstein's castle, whose turrets still rise,
E'en to faith gave a tremulous fear.

Near an oak, that the lightning had riven in twain,
They paus'd, as surveying the pile,
When a groan, that denoted both terror and pain,
Was heard from the neighbouring aisle.

'Ah! holy Maria!' the pilgrim exclaim'd,
'Some soul, for its punishment, sure,
Whose guilt's of a nature that cannot be nam'd,
In torments is doom'd to endure.'

'From my way I had wander'd,' the stranger reply'd,
'And no other shelter was near;
But courage and faith to my soul is deny'd,
Ah! who may take sanctuary here?'

'Ah! come!' said a voice so fearfully deep,
That the pilgrim started aghast;
'Ah! come!' it continued, 'your virtue shall keep
The fiends from their dire repast.'

'Then on!' said the stranger, and slowly advanc'd,
While the pilgrim sought to retire;
But backward his eye, with a tremor, he cast
On a spectre in female attire.

So terrific its motion, its aspect so dread,
With quick paces he follow'd his guide;
Who on to the time-defac'd entrance had fled;
And the gates were now opening wide.

And now on the spectre with clamour they clos'd,
When lo! at the end of the aisle,
A lustre, well lighted, its radiance oppos'd,
And forth came a cherub-like child.

'O! happily met! gentle strangers,' he cried,
'The feast is about to begin;
Then hasten, ah! hasten! whatever betide,
Hark! the clari'net sounds from within.'

Now fear was half vanquish'd, so lovely the guide,
He impell'd them his footsteps to tread;
And now the interior valv'd doors open'd wide,
Where richly a table was spread.

But the viands display'd were covers of gore,
Which reek'd as though recently shed;
'Ah now!' said the child, ye shall suffer no more!
Dear parents! too oft have ye bled!'

Now the stranger, who lately a trav'ller appear'd,
At once stood in splendid array;
And the voice that before so terrific was heard,
In sweet accents, cried, 'Love, come away!'

When lo! in a second, or less, there appear'd
A lady, enchanting to view:
'My lord!' she exclaim'd, 'to the end of our woes
We shall now bid eternal adieu!

'Ah! me! gentle pilgrim,' she eagerly cried,
'Know this was Lord Loven's domain;
He was jealous, and here I a suicide died,
And by him this sweet cherub was slain.

'When, sick at the sight, and my innocence prov'd,
On his sword in a transport he fell:
Since when, gentle friend, we are doom'd to endure,
What language ne'er ventur'd to tell.

'As this day revolves, for a century past,
Here fiends their vile ribalds intrude;
And preparing, with malice, the horrid repast,
Impel us to feast on our blood:

'Till some virtuous stranger, and thou art the man!
Has courage to scatter the bowls:
So stretch forth, sweet pilgrim, thy gen'rous hand,
And give peace to our fiend-troubled souls.

'On this night, for a century, round we have
rov'd,
But found none so virtuous as thee;
Ah! look on this boy, whom so dearly I lov'd,
And he died as a martyr for me.

'Ah! hark!' she exclaim'd, with the wildest
affright,
'The furious rout has began,
Ah! break, gentle pilgrim, our bondage to-night,
On the instant!—ah! reach forth thy hand!'

The pilgrim obey'd; for his faith made him bold;
And he dash'd the whole board on the floor:
But the loud yell that follow'd what tongue can
unfold?
For the fiends had dominion no more.

A sound of sweet transport succeeded the din;
To attempt its description were vain:
For virtue had courage a victory to win,
And souls were enfranchis'd from pain.

So sweet was the music, it soothed to sleep
The poor pilgrim with unpillow'd head;
And till o'er the blue hill the bright dawn deign'd
to peep
A requiem was sung for the dead.

Then upstarted the pilgrim, and gaz'd all around;
On his couch the bright sun 'gan to beam;
When he found that all night he had slept on the ground,
And the legend was only—a Dream."

"Excellent, Madam!" said the Etonian; "you have no idea of the suspense I was in."

"What you say, Sir, is very complimentary, and the more so, as your sound of voice evinces it to my ear a reality which cannot fail it. Mere compliment, of which there is much less in the world than is generally imagined, is so despicable, both in those that offer and those that take, that we know not which to condemn."

"With respect to the ballad, I give it you as an absurdity in all respects but its moral:

'Conscious rectitude is ever bold.'

"Spectres are never admissible on any account. The supposititious one,

which encounters the Lord Marmion on the heath, in Mr. Scott's poem, is an incident of the most awakening kind; and tends to command the attention as much as any part of that wonderful performance.

" We will rest here: to-morrow is Sunday, and I will endeavour to select something that may entertain while it edifies. —Adieu! for this evening, my dear little friends. Do not dream of Lowenstein."

EVENING THE TWENTY-FIRST.

" VERY soon after dinner, the governess and her pupils entered the music-room, when Miss Maria spoke as follows :

" We have been entreating papa, Madam, to come and pass the evening with us; Sarah and I told him, if he would come, we would entreat you to tell us something wonderful about natural history. He would not be prevailed upon; but he sent his compliments to you, and begged you would oblige us in that particular, the same as if he were here."

" Your papa can derive no information from me, Miss Maria; but as he considers natural history a proper amusement for Sunday evening, I shall certainly oblige you; and the more so, as I

am of opinion, few examples tend more to demonstrate the infinite wisdom of the Almighty, who assuredly has made nothing in vain.

" Astonishing as our faculties are, they are infinitely reduced, when we attempt to weigh them in the balance; and amount to what is less than a drawing of the world, to its substance, when contrasted with Omnipotence.

" In natural history all is wonder and admiration. The contexture of a feather, trivial as it appears in itself, evinces as much the wisdom of the Almighty as the greatest of his works. A feather may, indeed, be adduced as an admirable instance of the exquisite appointments and superior arrangements of the Almighty's hand. Regard the strength of its quill, the spunginess and flexibility of its stem, the wonderful subdivision of its vane, each separate particle being indeed in itself a feather. Regard again, how closely each of these little downy-coated shoots clings to its fellow; so as

to repel and resist the air, rain, and dews, or any particle that might penetrate to injure the highly-favoured tenant of both earth and sky, which it so effectually covers. Behold it expanded! and see the bird rise, even against the wind, and instantly soar toward that Power by whom it was created—where is the reflecting mind that will not feel an aspiring spirit, and devoutly wish to rise, trilling a matin song to the Almighty, on the sky-lark's wing?

"From a feather it is natural to recur to the feathered race. Animals being viviparous, have little or no power of testifying their satisfaction respecting the expected coming of their young ones; but both male and female among birds anticipate the moments of parental satisfaction and endearment in the most ardent manner. In the absence of the female, the male will sit on the eggs; when he imagines her to be in want, he will sedulously forage for her, and bring her in his bill the

larger and better portion of all he can collect; he will then seat himself near her nest, and cheer the passing hours with his song. At length the young ones rise into life—what an hour of exultation is this!—the summit of both their joys. Whoever has witnessed, at this moment, the pride and exultation of a sparrow, has little sensibility, if he did not exult also, partaking by sympathy of the parents' joy."

"But are not sparrows a great pest, Madam? I think I have heard they destroy abundance of corn and fruit," said the Etonian.

"They may indeed plunder a little; but do their petty thefts tend to retrench the necessaries or delicacies of life? We are very short-sighted with regard to what is for our eventual good.

"When the Europeans first inhabited Virginia, they imagined the crows to be a plague in the land; and large bounties were given to persons who would bring into the council-house a hundred heads

of crows; by which policy, in a few years, the race of crows was extinct: when, lo! there arose such an immense number of large black-beetles, that the earth, and all its produce, was literally covered with them; so that fruit, corn, and pasturage, were equally useless. The poor short-sighted inhabitants then wished in vain to regenerate the extirpated crows, which had formerly been the natural enemies of these noxious vermin; beetles being the crows' proper food. And how do we know, but the immense quantity of insects, which are destroyed by the sparrows, may not be the means of preserving the vegetation in that plenty and purity in which we now enjoy it?—Throw them then their little portion with a liberal hand. Those

' Who in winter sweep the snowy ground,
And, for the sparrows, scatter crumbs around,'

shall find their account here or hereafter.

" 'Cast thy bread on the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days,'—is a text to be treasured by the memory; but those who are charitable to all animated nature, without such incitement, have the best pretensions to the divine remuneration; and the silent applause of the heart is assuredly sufficient reward.

" The provisions we soil or injure are not objectionable to birds; it is therefore very unfeeling and inconsiderate to throw it in the fire; rather throw open your casement, and diffuse blessings: in doing thus, you emulate the Almighty.

" What a happiness it is for mankind, that not only the natives of Africa, but all animals, and almost all birds of prey, hunt with the most scrupulous avidity for the crocodiles' eggs; as this creature lays, twice or thrice in a season, from twenty-two to twenty-four eggs. What then would be the destruction those terrific animals would make among mankind, if their eggs were not sought after

as such a delicacy? The ichneumon was deified by the ancients for its success in destroying these eggs; but why the boiguacu was made a god we are at a loss to conjecture."

"What is the boiguacu, Madam?" said Miss Denzel.

"The boiguacu, my dear, is the largest scaled serpent ever seen in the world, but it has no venom. It possesses, in an eminent degree, industry, agility, strength, and beauty."

"Beauty! how can a serpent have beauty? such a terrific creature!"

"From the colour and regularity of his spotted and scaly skin."

"And is this serpent worshipped, Madam?"

"Certainly."

"What now, now at this very day!" said Miss Sarah.

"At this very day, Miss Sarah; and rivers of human blood and thousands of lives sacrificed to his mere image."

"Where, pray, Madam?"

"By the natives of Mexico, who consider the creature as a messenger of the divine wrath; in Africa, on the coast of Mosambique; and also in Japan: in the last-mentioned place, men, women, and children, are immolated to him by hundreds at a time."

"How horrid!' said the Etonian; "and he has no venom, you said, Madam."

"None; but then his strength is equal to that of any living creature, even when he is but young: what then must it be when he is grown to forty or even fifty feet long?—his common length being about twenty feet. He hisses in the most terrific manner before storms and tempests; and, perhaps, before those pestilential distempers which arise from a foulness in the atmosphere."

"But why is it that the people worship him, Madam, and with such cruel rites and ceremonies?"

"It is hard to say why; for customs like these we have no traditionary le-

gend; we are, therefore, wholly left to our own conjectures. Perhaps, from the hope of averting those calamities their hissings foretel; perhaps, from awe of their immense powers, since a boiguacu, by twining round it, can crush a rhinoceros as if it were a sparrow, and devour it, bones, shells, and all. Its velocity is equal to its strength, so that nothing can withstand it."

"What a terrific animal! Surely we ought to be very thankful that we have none such among us," said Miss Denzel.

"You say we ought, my dear; I hope we are very grateful, not only for the temperature of our clime, but for all our other national benefits. Great Britain is assuredly the happiest land under heaven. We are not overrun with wild animals or reptiles, which are the scourge of other countries. We possess, in a very superior degree, all the goods of nature and fortune. We are not subject to the rod of a despot; we are as free as the air

we inhale; and even our very criminals, those who have been guilty of the highest crimes, we hold to be innocent till they have had a clear, fair, and impartial trial before their peers; and even, when convicted of the most atrocious guilt, we treat them as our fellow-men, and mercy restrains the austerity of justice. And so it should be always, or how may poor devious beings look up for mercy to that supremely awful Power they are hourly offending?

"England knows no distinctions among mankind, but superior genius and superior rank; and the latter has no sort of protection against the poorest peasant, if acting derogatory to justice, which, by law, has poised the scale with such exactness, that reason, comprehensive and intelligent as it is when illumined by education, would perhaps find a difficulty in ascertaining a more correct balance.—And let it be remembered, that we are still adding to our jurisprudence by additional laws, for our better protection, comfort,

and prosperity. Our Commons are our best bulwark, the guardians of their country, and fellow-citizens; and their constituents ought, above all things, to have respect to their wisdom and integrity: sustained by them, we may be compared to the inhabitants of the waters, which continue to increase in strength and beauty, without bounds to their growth, and seemingly incapable of decay. Daily the body is furnished with fresh supplies, and life, health, liberty, and property, are cherished by conduits of greater salubrity and abundance.

"It is worthy of observation, that there is seldom a deviation from order in the works of nature: those terrific animals which range the deserts have very rarely more than one or two cubs at a time, and that not frequently. The boiguacu is regarded as a prodigy, because it is fortunately no common visitor. Whales and other enormous creatures, that inhabit the deep, are never numerous; while those of a minuter race, that serve for our sustenance or pleasure, are given us by

myriads of myriads. Only figure to yourselves a lobster, a crab, or even a shrimp, that had attained the size of the boiguacu—can reason conceive a more terrific animal? It is my opinion, that the bravest man that ever had being would feel terror at a monster, as we should then term it, so shaped and so extended; while their present size being consonant to our ideas of order, we seek, and partake of them with pleasure.

"I have read that the sea, some fifty or sixty years since, threw, on the coast of Malabar, a cocoa-nut, which rooting, threw up a tree bearing nuts, some of which weighed upwards of forty pounds! The leaf of this tree is shaped like a fan, and will cover half a house. But then the tree which produces this enormous fruit and foliage bears only three or four nuts at most, while the common cocoa-tree bears branches of more than thirty. The fruit of the large one, however, which is now distinguished by the name of the sea-cocoa, has a flavour scarcely to be distinguished from the other."

"But where could the first of these enormous nuts come from?" said Miss Maria.

"The question is very natural, my dear; but I cannot give you the information required. They are spoken of particularly in the Voyage to the Isle of France, from which I have before quoted, and I may probably again; for I deem the writer of that book no common man.

"The ocean, doubtless, laves the land, where the foot of man has never trodden. Who may explore its bounds, or dive amidst the world of waters to contemplate the wonders of the deep? Here our knowledge is circumscribed indeed! And if we reflect but a single moment on that ubiquity, which pierces through all eternity, from the beginning to the end, the lowest depths, and the most impervious recesses of that immense abyss, how shall we restrain our wonder and admiration! how shall we be grateful enough to the Beneficence that has permitted us to be partakers of His divine essence! How ought we to look forward, with an ardent, yet humble hope, that, in our re-

novation from this fragile to an immortal state, we may be endowed with wisdom, more immediately allied to that incomprehensible Being, whose eye develops all things, past, present, and to come! who observes us in our most secret retirement; comprehends all our thoughts, all our wants, and all our wishes: to whom our prayers are always acceptable; who is not pleased with vain repetitions, or more attentive to the wise than to the simple! All he asks is the offering of a grateful and contrite heart. 'Religion,' says Miss Hatfield, 'supports the trembling steps of youth, and illumines our footsteps in the thorny paths of ripened years.' The intercourse that man enjoys with his Creator in prayer, is the greatest and happiest privilege of which his nature is capable. In that the soul, communicating with its divine original, renews its energy, its power, and its grace; in that the created being, attending the immediate presence of his Benefactor, pours forth its petitions,

its wants, and its gratitude: it is by prayer only that the human soul is qualified to attain the perfections of an immortalized spirit."

"I wish my papa had been here, Madam," said Miss Sarah; "I shall tell him all I can remember to-morrow morning, when I see him in his study; and I shall ask him if he has a print of the boiguacu to show me. I wish I could tell him all you say to us—Edmund must tell him."

"Your approbation is very pleasing, my dear little girl: you can remember all that is material; and will not, I am sure, forget the sentiments that have accompanied the description of those things we deem so wonderful."

"No, indeed, Madam, we shall none of us forget humbly to give Him the offering of our grateful contrite hearts, who is the Author of our being, and Dispenser of all goodness," said Miss Denzel, raising her handkerchief to her eyes, where she felt the starting tear.

"How happy am I, my dear children, to see you so attentive and so amiable. May you always be innocent, and happy, as you are at this moment. Miss Sarah has been particularly attentive to all she has heard this evening, as well as her brother and elder sisters. It is the most flattering proof of approbation that can be given to a speaker: to seem otherwise engaged, when a person is speaking, is rude and repellant, and which nothing but the most pitiable low-breeding can possibly excuse. That barbarity which would wilfully offend another, by abrupt interruption, has long had every avenue to humanity and politeness overrun by arrogancy and self-consideration. The sparrow has as much right to twitter as the sky-lark has to sing; but birds understand those things better, for one never interrupts the melody of the other. While the imprisoned Canary sings, the wild linnet will listen, with the most delighted and

sedulous attention; and when the little foreigner has closed his song, the other will attune his throat, and with his native melodies soften and relieve those to which he has listened—the lower and more consonant notes of which he will make his own; and thus we have, in nature, an air harmonized to sensibility; and the little linnet evinces memory, as yet unknown, or only known to man. The Canary will, when he finds the notes in unison, woo the stranger to his cage. The little gossiping hen naturally follows: from cohabitation their eggs partake of the specks peculiar to each kind, and thus are produced those beautiful birds which unite the Canary and linnet both in plumage and in song. The immense volume of voice thrown from the throat of one of these birds, is equal to what a man can produce on a pipe, and continued much longer than the limited powers of any but a practised musician can attempt. When we consider that the smallest rape

or canary seed, unless broken and unhusked by its little mechanical bill, would choke this delightful warbler, whence, ask we, come those sounds? The divine spirit of the Almighty, which animates all his creatures, has formed and harmonized them; and to Him they trill the ever-during song, with powers unimpaired by season or time: in this talent, therefore, we are evidently excelled by creatures wanting speech, which alone allies us more immediately to God. Were I to attempt to speak the praise of language, I should fail; I can only glorify the Almighty, that I am a partaker of its powers."

"I recollect, Madam," said the Etonian, "that, when you were speaking of Beig, among your list of remarkable and illustrious men, you said he spoke sixteen languages; and frequently since I have puzzled myself to know what they could be."

"There are ten or eleven now spoken in Europe, regular languages I mean, Sir;

the Scots and Swiss I except;—which is indeed much to be lamented: if the powers of peace and persuasion could disseminate a universal tongue, and a universal religion, how great would be the happiness of mankind! France is doing much with respect to the former, of which the rival powers seem not to be jealous, not considering that language is the cement of society, and that he who speaks my language enters into my sentiments, and becomes my friend and my brother."

EVENING THE TWENTY-SECOND.

AFTER a little prefatory detail, Mrs. Mordant commenced her promised description of Montserrat, near the city of Barcelona, in Spain, which is said, by travellers, to be one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world; and on it is the most celebrated and richest convent now in Europe. It is called De Neustra Senora del Monserrat—Our Lady of Montserrat.

" Her ladyship is a little figure, like a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, carved out of a block of wood, and there said to be the work of Saint Luke.

" An inventory of her riches would fill a small volume. I shall endeavour to give you the more costly and remarkable trappings of her wooden ladyship, and

leave the more trivial appendages for your future research.

" This convent was founded so long since as the year 801, and its treasures have been hitherto constantly accumulating, by gifts, grants, and benefactions, from emperors, kings, queens, nobles, and common people, who have gone ever since that time, and still continue to go, on pilgrimages to Montserrat, to obtain the remission of their sins through the intercession of the holy Virgin.

" After the lapse of above a thousand years, it is but reasonable to think that there is abundance of treasure in this sequestered abode; but as it exceeds all that the most enlarged idea can possibly figure to itself, I shall only, as I before said, attempt the description of those I deem most material. The crowns our Lady of Montserrat has for her head, and the mantles for her person, are almost innumerable; six of the former are of solid gold, set with such a number of precious stones as is almost incredible, and

such as, perhaps, could never have been produced by any prince or potentate in the universe. In one of those crowns there are two hundred and thirty-eight large diamonds, a hundred and thirty large pearls, and sixteen enormous rubies. Another has two thousand five hundred large emeralds and other precious stones set in it. But the richest of all is adorned with one thousand one hundred and twenty-four large brilliants, many of which are of immense value; it is also enriched with eighteen hundred large pearls of equal size, thirty-eight large emeralds, twenty-one sapphires, and five prodigious rubies; and on the top of this crown is a gold ship, adorned with other diamonds, and valued, over and above the value of the crown, at the sum of forty thousand dollars. The gold alone of these crowns weighs twenty-five pounds; and, with the jewels and setting, nearly sixty.

" Not many years since the Marquis d'Aytoná presented her wooden lady-

ship with another gold crown set with sixty-six brilliants. In fact, the riches there would found a principality.

" In the year 1706, Prince Charles of Austria, having kissed the Virgin's beautiful wooden hand, laid his gold-hilted sword at her feet. This sword was a present from Queen Anne of England to the emperor, and is set with seventy-nine large brilliants."

" A sword," said the young gentleman, " was a strange present to the Virgin Mary!"

" It was so, Sir," replied Mrs. Mordant, " and certainly a great dereliction from gallantry, to transfer the favour of so illustrious a princess as Anne Stuart to a block of wood."

" It is assuredly a strange infatuation, Madam."

" Certainly, Sir; custom is a sort of prescriptive privilege. Many men choose to err, merely because their fathers erred before them. But the day is not far distant, when the Lady of Montserrat

shall be as the Lady of Loretto is. The Madona at Cologne, that scene of bigotry, superstition, persecution, and massacre, is, as I believe, a mere punch-like moppet now. Custom, Sir, will for a while reconcile men even unto falsehood; but when reason dares to strip the veil from chicanery, and the mask from fanaticism, Spain will be as Britain is."

"My father, Madam, remarked that General Palafox, when he obtained a victory a few months since, imputed the whole of his success to the aid and protection he received from the Virgin Mary."

"I remember it, Sir: Mr. Denzel and myself accorded in a smile on that occasion. But how arrogantly Palafox speaks to the common people in his proclamations, who, notwithstanding their pride, are in the most lamentable state of ignorance, superstition, and slavish debasement! Two of that general's edicts, published here by authority on the 10th of January 1809, will give us cause

on reflection, to boast we are Britons. I refer to the sentence he awards tumultuous persons, or those who may be convicted of writing pasquinades, who are to be punished with any thing but death, at the discretion of a single officer there named; but if the criminal be deemed worthy to die by this before-named officer, then, ere the sentence be put in execution, he, Don Palafox, is to be consulted!—In what state of organization, let me ask, must a land be where such proclamations pass into law by the fiat of an individual? But we will have done with Spain, and pray for light to those in darkness, for liberty and emancipation to the prisoner and the oppressed, and peace and good-will among all men."

"It is wonderful, Madam, if the Spaniards be so proud, as you say they are, that they will submit to such insult and degradation."

"Their pride, Sir, does not, like an Englishman's, consist in the ardent wish to sow and inculcate the precious germs

of civil and religious liberty, it is wholly personal; the adventitious pride of birth, the insignificant one of dress, the contemptible one of being able to live and be idle: these are not a patriot's sentiments; the patriot lives for his fellow man; nay more, he dies for him!

"'A traveller,' says Thicknesse, and I think Berkeley has something similar, 'cannot obtain the least assistance in Spain, if he chance to meet with any accident on the road; even though you offer to pay a mechanic ever so liberally, he will treat you with the most arrogant contempt.'

'So proud a people, so above their fate,
That, if reduc'd to beg, they beg in state.'

says Daniel De Foe, the immortal author of Robinson Crusoe. De Foe's fancy would not submit to the whispers of reason, or he had rivalled most men. His obscure origin was never questioned, but was made the most unmanly and

unwarrantable use of, to degrade him, by those who dared not tell who their fathers were."

"Have you done with Montserrat, Madam?"

"I told you I should be brief in my description, Sir; I refer you to Thicknesse, Berkeley, and others, not now in my recollection, if you wish for further information. But, as I informed you it was founded so early as 801, I will also inform you that the Inquisition was not thought of until the year 1233; so that we may reasonably conclude that, during 432 years, there were no intolerant persecutions, and that the primitive Christians conducted themselves with that meekness and charity which are worthy of their tenets. How lamentable it is to reflect, that torture was not abolished in any of the European nations until toward the end of the seventeenth century! Who may draw aside the horrid pall, and review the thousands and tens of thousands of immolated wretches, against

whose heart-piercing shrieks the ears of mercy were closed for five hundred years? Henry the Eighth of England assisted, with his own hand, to turn the screws at the torturing of the celebrated Anne Askew, because he thought the executioners were not so cruelly expert as he wished them."

"The worthless, cruel man!" said Miss Denzel; "I never heard that of him before. Poor lady!—it is said, Madam, she bore all with great fortitude."

"She did, my dear; the religion that is without fortitude may be compared to a purse of gold in a desert; the one will not enable us to endure or combat misfortunes, the other cannot obtain any thing to relieve or ameliorate our necessities.

"Some future evening, it is probable, I may give you a sketch of the life and character of Catharine Parthenay, one of the most illustrious ladies that ever suffered in the protestant cause. As also of her son, John de Parthenay, Lord of

Soubise, the heroic leader of the protestant party in France."

"Thank you, Madam; but previous to that I entreat you will tell us the story you promised us."

"I will fulfil all my promises if possible; and if not this vacation, at some subsequent period. I must now call on you. Is not the celebrated ode of Horace yet harmonized?"

"Yes, Madam," said Miss Denzel; "Edmund and myself have joined in the effort to render the prose version he read you into poetry."

"I have the highest pleasure in hearing you say so, my dear," said Mrs. Mordant, "and gratulate your united endeavours, which may probably lead to something allied to perfection. Harmony is the soul of order, beauty, and grace. It is reciprocity of sentiment and pursuit, that has constituted those divine unions, which have been the delight of their own, and the wonder of after ages. You will oblige me by reading the poem."

THIRD ODE OF HORACE,

FOURTH BOOK,

VERSIFIED BY MASTER AND MISS DENZEL FROM THE PROSE TRANSLATION BEFORE GIVEN.

'Daughter of Jove!—all powers above,
Who, from the hour that gave me birth,
Regarded me with eyes of love,
And made a paradise of earth—

'For what—to that the goddess gave,
Is the so much contested crown,
The wrestler at the Isthmian games
Wins, 'mid the clamour of renown?

'A trophy, fleeting as the day,
Will it his latest lineage grace?
And what's the warrior's glorious bay?
Or his who wins the chariot-race?

'Say, with the poet's may they vie?
Whom e'en the Tiber's rolling flood,
The sea, the earth, the air, the sky,
Nay, e'en the silent gloomy wood,
Conspire to crown with endless fame,
Imperial Rome, exalts my name,

Imperial Rome, whose laurel wreath
Compels e'en Envy's sick'ning breath
To cease, and join th' applauding throng,
Who praise their poet's peerless song.

'Goddess! to thee I strike the lyre,
Still teach my spirit to aspire:
Thou, who couldst give th' aquatic shoal,
The poet's inspirative soul,
And bid the ocean world rejoice,
In sounds to shame the cygnet's voice.
Yes, Goddess! 'tis to thee I owe
Those whispers wheresoe'er I go;
That murm'ring to my raptur'd sense,
Impel that flood of eloquence,
Which bids th' applauding million throng,
And hail the matchless power of song—

———'Who chanted first the Roman ode,
Th' exulting world shall ever tell;
Blest is the meed the muse bestow'd,
To her I strike my golden shell.'

"I congratulate my dear young friends," said Mrs. Mordant; "this is indeed an exquisite performance, and has half inclined me to exclaim with Scaliger, 'I would rather have been the author of it than King of Aragon!'

"I can form but a very imperfect idea of a language I do not fully understand, and I think much time is misapplied in acquiring languages, since it most assuredly could be far better employed.

"The Chinese language is said to contain only three hundred and thirty words, all monosyllables, yet we find it capable of conveying sentiments of a very sublime nature. I need only instance the emperor's speech to the British embassy, as given us by Æneas Anderson, whose book is not nature outraged; its sensibility is never affected, consequently we feel with the writer. A man who delineates nature in voyages and travels, ought to possess her pencil; and in this author's description of the Emperor of China, as his imperial majesty appeared on his birth-day, the monarch is before me. Here is the extract, which you will oblige me by reading, Sir."

The Etonian read—

EXTRACTS

FROM ÆNEAS ANDERSON'S ACCOUNT OF THE EMBASSY TO CHINA.

"We waited several hours; at length the approach of the emperor was announced by the prostration of the mandarins as he advanced. This great personage was in a very plain palanquin borne by twenty mandarins of the first order; and were it not for that circumstance, he could not have been distinguished from one of them, as he wore no badge of distinction, nor any article of dress superior to the higher classes of his subjects.

"The emperor on this day completed the eighty-fifth year of his age, as he was in the fifty-seventh of his reign. He has dark piercing eyes, but the whole of his countenance discovered the mild traits of benignant virtue, asserted with that easy dignity of exalted station, which results rather from internal consciousness than exterior grandeur.

"The emperor is about five feet ten inches in height, of a slender but elegant form; his complexion is comparatively fair; his nose inclining to aquiline, and the whole of his countenance presents such a perfect regularity of features, it by no means announces the great age he is said to have attained. His person is very attracting, and his deportment accompanied by an affability, which, without lessening the dignity of the prince, evinces the amiable character of the man.

"His dress consisted of a loose robe of yellow silk; a cap of black velvet, with a red ball on the top, and adorned with a peacock's feather, which is the peculiar distinction of mandarins of the first class. He wore silk boots embroidered with gold, and a sash of blue silk girded his waist."

"The character of the emperor is amiable in the extreme," said Mrs. Mordant. "I have given you the extracts de-

scriptive of his manner, person, and dress; and here is another, which will give you an idea of his absolute dominion, firmness, and justice:

SECOND EXTRACT

FROM ÆNEAS ANDERSON'S VOYAGE TO CHINA.

"I cannot conclude this volume without paying a tribute of respectful veneration to the great and illustrious, the wise and beneficent Emperor of China; who, in a long reign of nearly sixty years, has, by the general voice of his people, never ceased to watch over and increase their happiness and prosperity. Of the manner in which he administers justice, and gives protection to the meanest of his subjects, the following anecdote, which I heard frequently while in the country, is an affecting example.

"A merchant of the city of Nankin had, with equal industry and integrity, acquired a considerable fortune; which awakened the rapacious spirit of the viceroy of that province.

On the pretence therefore of its being too rapidly accumulated, he gave some intimations of a design to make a seizure of it. The merchant, who had a numerous family, hoped to baffle the oppressive avarice that menaced him, by dividing his possessions among his children, and depending upon them for his support. But the spirit of injustice, when strengthened by power, is not easily thwarted in its designs; the viceroy therefore sent the children to the army, seized on their property, and left their father to beg his bread. His tears and humble petitions were fruitless; the tyrannical officer, this vile vicegerent of a beneficent sovereign, disdained to bestow the smallest relief on the man he had reduced to ruin, so that, exasperated by the oppression of the minister, the merchant at length determined to throw himself at the feet of the emperor, to obtain redress, or to die in his presence.

" With this design, he begged his way to Pekin; and, having surmounted all

difficulties, for long and painful was the journey, he arrived at the imperial residence; and preparing a petition that contained a faithful statement of his injuries, he waited with patience in the outer court, till the monarch should pass to attend the council. But the poverty of his appearance had almost frustrated his hopes; and the attendant madarins were about to chastise him for his intrusion, when the attention of the emperor was attracted by the bustle the poor man's resistance occasioned. At this moment he held forth a paper, which his imperial majesty ordered to be brought to his palanquin, and having perused its contents, commanded the petitioner to follow him.

"It so happened that the viceroy of Nankin was attending his annual duty in the council. The emperor therefore charged him with the crime stated in the poor man's petition, and commanded him instantly to make his defence; but conscious of his guilt, and amazed at the

unexpected discovery, his agitation, his looks, and his silence, condemned him.

"The emperor then addressed the assembled council on the viceroy's crime, and concluded the harangue, by ordering the head of the tyrannical officer to be instantly brought him on the point of a sabre. The command was obeyed, and while the poor old man was wondering, on his knees, at the extraordinary event of the moment, the head was brought, and the imperial monarch spoke as follows:

"'Look on the awful and bleeding example before you! And as I now appoint you his successor, and name you viceroy of the province of Nankin, let his fate instruct you to fulfil the duties of your high and important office with justice and moderation'."

"It is really shocking," said young Mr. Denzel, "that one man should have so much power as to behead another in that way, without trial, however wicked he might have been."

"There is great reason and humanity in your remark, Sir," replied Mrs. Mordant, "and I devoutly wish you may retain such benevolent sentiments until you become one of the delegated guardians of the Britons' rights; you will then perhaps think our naval jurisprudence somewhat defective. You will not be displeased with the reasons I give, why I differ from you in this instance. Nothing could possibly be more opportune or awful, as an example to the multitude then assembled, than the signal action of justice so instantaneously administered by this imperial monarch, for it fully demonstrated to all, to whom he delegated his power, as all were present, that he would be prompt and terrible in his retributive justice, nor suffer them either to wanton with or abuse the sacred charge he gave. The bleeding and silent monitor on the sabre's point shall be all eloquent to future ages; and millions unborn, nay myriads, may have cause to bless the moment when the

oppressed and wretched merchant presented his petition against the unjust steward, whose blood be upon him! His heart was steeled to mercy, and he merited even an ignominious death."

"I refer you to Anderson's book, if you wish for further acquaintance with him. His incitements to industry, and his remarks on it, are well worthy your attention. Miss H. M. Williams has made similar observations in her Hymn on the Alps, for which I refer you to her Tour through Switzerland, a book you may peruse with great advantage: in it there is a sketch of Lavater, which you will find written on a sheet in the portfolio. Miss Maria, oblige me—"

Miss Maria courtesied, took the portfolio, selected the paper, and read as follows:

SKETCH OF LAVATER,

EXTRACTED FROM A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND, BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

"Lavater received us in his study,

which was hung with portraits and engravings, forming a complete study of ever-varying expression of the human face divine.

" Some very wise men, who admit of no scope to that faculty of the mind called imagination, and are for ever bringing every theory to the square and compass, consider his system of Physiognomy as the fantastic vision of an overheated brain; but though it may be difficult, it is surely ingenious and interesting, to attempt reducing to rules a science which seems to be founded in nature. It is surely curious to analyze what it is so easy to feel, the charm of that expression which is the emanation of moral qualities, that undefinable grace which is not beauty, but something more, without which its enchantments lose their power of fascination, and which can shed an animated glow, a spark of divinity, even over the features of deformity.

'Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven,
The living fountain in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime.' AKENSIDE.

"Lavater is a venerable looking old man, with a sharp long face, high features, and a wrinkled brow; he is tall, thin, and serious; he has a look of melancholy, I had almost said of inquietude; but, when he smiles, his countenance becomes lighted up with an expression of sweetness and intelligence. There is a simple eloquence in his conversation, an effusion of heart, which is extremely attractive. The general rule of moral conduct, Lavater said, in his opinion, was, next to God, to respect time. Time he considered as the most valuable of human treasures, and any waste of it as in the highest degree immoral.

"Lavater gave us a most pleasing account of morals in Zurich, where, he asserted, every species of corruption was unknown."

"The last sentence," said Mrs. Mor-

dant, " is sufficient to convince us that Lavater is not a little romantic; since the inhabitants of Zurich are mere men, and we all know that perfection is not the attribute of humanity.

" Regret for the actual commission of what has been, and for the neglect and disappointment of what has not, is the constant companion of our retrospective hours. It is then we heave the unavailing sigh, and endeavour to forget our former errors and disappointments, and still courting the allurements of hope, permit her blandishments to triumph over our experience. But, of all our unavailing regrets, the reflection that the time we have lost is irretrievable, is gone for ever, that we have perhaps permitted it to pass without calling on a single moment to witness our benevolence, our gratitude, our industry, or our genius, is so humiliating to creatures so bounteously endowed by the Almighty, that we surely must feel compunction, and consider ourselves unprofitable servants!

"Idleness, my dear children," said Mrs. Mordant, "has been denominated a luxury; but is certainly the most detrimental of all indulgences, the harbinger of ignorance, folly, and dissipation. To live as reasonable creatures, we ought to associate with each other, to communicate the good we know, and to suppress the evil; but, above all, it is our duty to be emulous of excellence in all that is praise-worthy. I have said much on this subject before, and once more I will incite you to say to yourselves, 'Have not I the same perceptions, and the same reasoning powers, that others have? Why then do I permit them to climb the hill, while I am in the valley?' This is a sentiment worthy of a being created to inherit immortality; and, if kept constantly in view, will incite the intelligent mind to actions worthy of its source. Be it the determined resolution of all, who wish to attain to excellence in any art, to seize the present time. If it be pursued as labour, the difficulty will soon be sur-

mounted. Those who wish to excel must not suffer themselves to be called aside by petty avocations, which constantly thrust themselves forward when we have no settled employment, setting aside the present business of to-day, and deferring until to-morrow. And therefore, though we are now rather beyond our usual time, I shall crave leave of half an hour, to give you an instance of genius and industry, as rare as it is curious. My subject is the late celebrated Mrs. Delany. This lady did not learn to draw until she was thirty years of age; yet she afterwards painted pictures to vie with the most celebrated masters. Her copies are almost innumerable. Her best original work is the Raising of Lazarus, which is in the family of the Earl of Bute.

"Mrs. Delany constructed a Flora, the effect of which was equal, if not superior, to what painting can produce. The flowers which composed this Flora were cut from coloured paper, and for the most part paper coloured or dyed

by herself; and so admirable, it is said, was her art, for I never saw the performance, that a real leaf or flower, stuck on paper, could not be distinguished from her truly inimitable work; to which she applied herself until the eighty-third year of her age, when the dimness of her sight obliged her to relinquish her employment; on which occasion she wrote the following lines, which, I think, are the only verses of hers extant:

MRS. DELANY'S ONLY POEM,

WRITTEN AT THE CONCLUSION OF HER FLORA.

'Hail! to the happy hour, when fancy led
My pensive mind the flow'ry path to tread,
And gave me emulation to presume,
With timid art, to trace fair nature's bloom,
To view, with awe, the great creative Pow'r,
That shines confess'd in the minutest flow'r,
With wonder to pursue the glorious line,
And gratefully adore the Hand divine.'

"What is still more remarkable of

this lady, she did not begin to amuse herself with this work until she was in the seventy-fourth year of her age; and yet the number of plants and flowers finished by her amount to nine hundred and eighty.

"Finally, the inherent instinctive spark within us, denominated human reason, for the first word in that phrase is redundant, will not be wholly without pursuit, and, if not engaged, or at least diverted by what is laudable, will take an opposite course, when we, perchance, shall stand detected in such actions as would awaken our mental faculties from their inglorious supineness, when the conscious blood, rushing from the heart to crimson the countenance, would write on it legibly, in that language intelligent to all, the characters of guilt, confusion, and dismay. But may that elated brow, the picture of a noble consciousness, which results from an inherent sense of right, for ever be our portion!"

EVENING THE TWENTY-THIRD.

"I THIS morning looked over Anderson's book, Madam, from which you were pleased to give us the extracts," said the Etonian, "and I can but express my surprise to you, at the manner in which the Emperor of China dismissed the embassy."

"It certainly may appear strange, Sir," said Mrs. Mordant, "to a superficial view, but it demonstrated the highest policy and wisdom in a prince who cultivates peace as the first blessing of mankind. The emperor, doubtless, regarded the English as spies on the interior of his dominions, and therefore he slightly infringed the rules of hospitality, in commanding them to hasten

their departure: in all other respects he treated them with the munificence suited to his august situation and exalted character.

"Perhaps the annals of India had reached the ear of this watchful and guardian sovereign; and, if so, Solomon's wisdom ought to be no more proverbial. The histories of our pursuits and wars in India generally fill me with horror; for, in my opinion, we have seldom been engaged in a good cause there. That in which the late gallant and amiable Lord Lake signalized himself, is among the first of the exceptionable ones. And as I wish to give you a taste for refined literature, at the head of which I place good poetry, I shall present you with the translation of a Persian ode, written by the then deposed emperor:

SHAH ALLUM,

DURING HIS CONFINEMENT, AFTER HIS EYES HAD BEEN PUT OUT BY THE TRAITOR

GOLAAM KHADER,

THE USURPER OF HIS THRONE.

" The infuriate storm has risen fast,
And hoarsely howls misfortune's blast;
Dispers'd abroad in desert air,
Borne on the gales of sad despair,
My power, which lately shone so bright,
Sinks in the deepest shades of night.
Now blind, I mourn, a prey to woe,
Bereft, and by my direst foe.
Alas! but haply Heav'n's decree
In mercy doom'd this lot to me,
Lest th' accurst usurper's rise
Should wound the royal sufferer's eyes.
Surely to see th' exulting foe,
Would aggravate misfortune's woe,
To view a wretch ascend a throne,
The right of Timour's race alone.
O'er India's fair extensive plain,
Auspicious dawn'd my early reign;
Too soon the flatt'ring prospect fled,
Now sorrow veils this aged head;
No pow'r may check th' Almighty's doom,
E'en martyr'd glory sought the tomb.

—Ere Mecca's rightful lord expir'd,
War's sacrilegious torch was fir'd;
As the blest spirit rose on high,
Ill-omen'd wailings rent the sky;
Heaven's orb assum'd a livid glare,
Pale meteors cross'd the troubled air,
Portending holy Emaun's fate *,
From impious Yezzid's baneful hate† :
Like him I fell, from grandeur hurl'd,
The sov'reign of a subject world.
—Oh! may this dread behest of Heaven
An earnest prove of sins forgiv'n!
In treach'rous league the vengeful clans
Of base moguls, and fierce pitans,
' Aw'd by no law, from duty free,
Faithless to God, as base to me,'
In darkness laid th' infernal plan,
With the low wretch of Hamaadan;
With Bedar-Beg, Illayer Khan,
And Gal Mahammed, hellish spawn!
' Wisdom, or virtue, ne'er withstood
That worst of fiends, ingratitude;
And how should perfect honour see
Th' apostate soul of perfidy?'

---

* The regretted son of his ally, Mortiz-Ally, who was slain at Kerbella.

† The son of Mauvia, who caused Emaun to be assassinated.

Guileless myself, I fear'd no foes,
No doubts within my bosom rose;
With lavish hand that slave I fed,
With blooming honours wreath'd his head;
But honour's wreath can never bind
In grateful ties th' ignoble mind:
'While to his monarch's heart he clung
His monarch's trusting heart he stung.
But ah! the pang which rends my breast,
That anguish which invades my rest,
Not for my own dire mis'ry springs,
For mis'ry is the fate of kings:
For her I grieve, who fondly shares
My deep distress and anxious cares;
Whose love, thro' many a circ'ling year,
Has chas'd away affliction's tear;
Enhanc'd each joy, and gently spread
Its mantle o'er my drooping head;
Whose tender form, from harm to shield,
Alone I'd dare th' embattled field:
No more may Allum's meet thine eyes,
But still he hears thy tender sighs;
And love, above e'en Fate's control,
Has stamp'd thy image on his soul.'
—Alas! within my harem's bowers,
No more to pass the blissful hours;
No more to hear the tuneful throng,
Harmonious raise th' enraptur'd song!
In the lone prison's dismal round,
The night-owl only 'calls on' sound.

No courtiers crowd th' emblason'd hall,
No ready slaves to wait my call,
My plaints in ling'ring echoes die,
While the arch'd domes responsive sigh;
Here murder stalks, suspicion reigns,
Mysterious silence chills my veins;
While darkness, with new terrors fraught,
And solitude, imbitters thought.
—Hence! fly, and borne on silver wings,
Rouse by my wrongs the pride of kings:
Will Royal Timour * tamely see
The insults monarchs bear in me?
—Haste, generous Scindia, haste once more,
† O'er Delhi's plains your legions pour.
Has British justice, Britain's boast,
With Hastings left Hindostan's coast?
—Have they forgotten how they came,
And humbly urg'd a stranger's claim?
Poor wand'rers from a foreign land,
We met them on the peaceful strand;
By commerce to increase their store,
They humbly ask'd, we granted more;
Till, bolder grown, yet more they crave,
And all they dar'd to ask, we gave;

---

* Shah Allum wrote to Timour in the most pathetic manner, to solicit his aid against the usurper.

† Scindia had at this time been driven from the northern provinces.

A ceded empire then was theirs,
The sacred throne of Timour's heirs.
O! memory! must my sense retrace
The ruin of my royal race?
—How happy those, whose earlier doom
Consign'd them to the mould'ring tomb;
They ne'er beheld what ills await
E'en sov'reigns in this mortal state.'
—Now lo, a suppliant monarch bends,
For aid his feeble arms extends;
' And asks protection 'gainst a slave
From those to whom whole realms he gave;'
Begs but a safe obscure retreat,
Some humble bower's sequester'd seat;
Or, in the lonely silent dell,
With holy anchorites to dwell;
Resign'd, the rushy couch to press,
And Britain's gen'rous children bless.
Vain wish!—immers'd in anguish deep,
Unheard I mourn, unpitied weep;
No gleam of hope, with cheering ray,
Gilds my expiring streak of day;
Its parting beams pale lustre shed,
The shadowy veil of night is spread.
—Come, awful death! hail kindred gloom!
For me no terrors shroud the tomb.
' In death, earth's turmoils find an end;
In death, the friendless find a friend;
In death, lorn mis'ry seeks repose,
Its glad relief from human woes;

When pity has denied her aid,
And hope's delightful visions fade,
When penury, disease, and pain,
With dire oppression in their train,
Screen the sad wretch from every fear,
And bid him rush on dread despair,
Then welcome death!—hail kindred gloom!
For me no terrors shroud the tomb;
Revengeful man can ne'er invade
Th' inviolable realms of shade;
Ambition there shall ne'er obtrude,
Nor envy, nor ingratitude;
' And perfidy shall never stain
Those courts where the immortals reign;
There dire contention's sure to cease,
And all is harmony and peace.
Freed from his chains the toil-worn slave
Escapes from bondage to the grave!
There I shall mock th' usurper's pow'r,
And triumph in my latest hour;
For pow'rs enthroned above shall sing
A welcome to an injur'd king—
Whose foes shall never meet him there;
He leaves them mercy's kindest tear:
For sure, if retribution pours
O'er them its soul-condemning showers,
Nought for their dread reward remains,
But mis'ry's everlasting pains.
How dire the thought, amid the sighs
That pity wakens, passion dies'."

"Alas! Madam," said Miss Denzel, "the fate of Shah Allum is sufficient to throw a cloud over our evening's enjoyment."

"The sombre shades of melancholy, my dear, are sometimes pleasing, and sympathy is so natural to the soul, unless it be indurated by vice or depravity, that we need not compliment that person on refined feelings who has not a tear for the misfortunes of any man. And more so, surely, if, like this monarch's, they were to all human perception unmerited."

"Did the emperor Shah Allum die in this cruel confinement, Madam?"

"No, my dear; I am happy to inform you he was emancipated by that gallant and worthy man, the late Lord Lake; who successfully, on the 11th of September 1803, after a fatiguing march of twenty-three miles, amidst the intense heat of that sultry clime, charged General Perron's brigades, and a very consi-

derable body of horse, with seventy pieces of ordnance (all of which he took), in the plain opposite to the prison in which the emperor was confined. Lord Lake was at the head of that signally gallant regiment the 76th; who, to a man, were as ardently active as their general. Entering Delhi, the capital of the Mogul Empire, they had the supreme satisfaction of leading the amiable and oppressed Shah Allum from his dungeon to a place of comparative comfort; indeed to all he could enjoy, bereft of sight and empire.

"This unfortunate monarch's gratitude to his deliverers had all that nature could demonstrate, by its most active expression. The emperor burst into tears, and prayed that the Powers which presided over Britain would give to these, her gallant and generous sons, the highest rewards and titles it ever bestowed on such warriors as rendered the most signal services to their country—more; such rewards as honour, loyalty, and hu-

manity, thought due to subjects, who were capable of such exertions to right an injured king. In this action Lord Lake had two horses shot under him: his gallant and youthful son, the second Lord Lake, fought by his side, and once remounted his father on his own charger; another gallant man, whose name I have forgotten, was shot while similarly employed. We will look in the annals of the day for the name of this departed hero. The death of the youthful lord, just mentioned, must be recent in your memory; he lost his life in the field under Sir Arthur Wellesley, when that general charged the French forces on the British army's first landing in Portugal. See Annals, 1808.—But to return: It was the peculiar misfortune of the hapless Shah Allum, that those he most honoured, loved, cherished, and trusted, were his betrayers. Nothing is more degrading to humanity than an obliteration from our minds of those kindnesses we have re-

ceived from our friends. Prosperity is the waking dream of life; for, under prosperous circumstances, we see every thing through a false or deceptive medium, outlined as preposterously as the meridian sun delineates the substance by the shadow. It is adversity only that tries our friends; and those who soothe and solace us, when labouring under misfortunes or calamities, are surely entitled to our warmest love. But I believe there are some so base as to hate those from whom they have received the greatest benefits, because their pride of heart will not permit them to acknowledge they ever were in need of them. 'Kindnesses,' says the Arabic proverb, 'are written on sand, and the least wind effaces them; but the least injury is engraven on marble, and its impression is as indelible on the heart.'

"It is this reflection that embitters the lonely and gloomy moments of the sovereign Shah Allum:

'Forsaken at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed.'

"In the charge of ingratitude, says the Reverend Dr. South, 'Omnia Dixeris—the great blot upon all mortality: it is all in a word; it says Amen! to the black catalogue of our sins; and gives completion and confirmation to them all.'

"'Ingratitude,' says the same truly elegant divine, 'is too proud to return a kindness, and too base to regard it. What but ingratitude put the poniard into the hand of Brutus, when he had the baseness to thrust it into Cæsar's heart?'

"I am sorry to say," continued Mrs. Mordant, "that the Europeans have, in many instances, behaved both cruelly and unjustly to the Asiatic nations; the Dutch particularly so. It is a lamentable truth to tell, but the love of gain too frequently impels men to forget their humanity.

"In the month of May 1781, our

fleet sailing homeward, under the command of Commodore Johnstone, a boat was seen rowing from the shore to the commodore's ship, filled with persons in the Eastern dress, who, while yet at a great distance, could be distinguished by the officers' glasses to be making signs of the most humiliating distress and supplication. These persons were the kings of Ternate and Tidore, two of the most valuable of the Spice Islands, with their wives, children, relatives, and friends, who had been long reduced, with their respective families, to the extreme of misery, and bereft of all those blessings of nature which had rendered their countries the objects of foreign ambition, and subjected them to plunder and the most merciless depredation. The Dutch are for the greater part religionists; they profess the religion of Jesus—'Do unto all men, as you would they should do unto you—wrong no man—yield unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and unto God that which is God's.' Again—'With that measure which

ye mete, it shall be measured unto you —woe unto you, hypocrites!" But to return to those unhappy princes: Those men, the rightful sovereigns of domains nearly as extensive as Great Britain, were deposed by the Dutch, who had banished them from their own territories, and sent them to a desolate island, which served these cruel marauders as a common prison and receptacle for malefactors and criminals of all degrees and countries. To the honour of British tars, they were humanely received on board. He who refuses succour to the oppressed, is only a degree better than the original oppressor.

"It is my ardent prayer, that, ere I die, a spirit of benevolence may pervade the universe. And let me entreat you, my dear children, never to lose an opportunity of exercising your kindness, whenever it is in your power: be foremost to arrest the lash of barbarity or oppression, and ever be ready to soothe the sorrows of misfortune.

"As our subject has been melancholy, we will now amuse ourselves for half an hour with a song, accompanied on the piano. I shall to-morrow evening give you the tale I promised; but, perhaps, my dear girl has some little poetic effort to present me with; if so, our song is superseded."

"I have a Sonnet, Madam," said Miss Denzel, "which was written by a lady, on seeing a robin at her window, on the twenty-ninth of February, not having seen one before that season."

"I beg you will oblige me with it; I wish you, at all times, to appeal to me respecting any thing that interests your feelings.

"Genius, my dear, is innate in the soul of humanity; it is born with us; but it is frequently possessed distinctly, that is to say, without taste, which is the portion of few. Pope is, or rather was, a great genius, and an exquisite versifier; but taste is almost inert with him. I will give you examples illustra-

tive of my meaning some future day. Those who happily possess taste and genius combined, may gratulate themselves as the most enviable of all human beings. Philosophy would analyse one, and clip the wings of the other."

SONNET TO THE ROBIN, Feb. 29th.

" What, hast thou dar'd the wintry sky,
Aurora-breasted pet, so long,
Nor met me on the leafless way,
Nor cheer'd me with thy chirping song?
And com'st thou now, and spring so near,
To thee, and all thy friends so dear,
To beg the crumbs, with timid grace,
And read thy welcome in my face?
—With joy I meet thy suppliant eye,
Around the crumbled morsels fly.
—Enter my casement; never fear,
Thy safe, thy shelter'd perch is here;
And when I beg a boon like thee,
May Heav'n its mercy grant to me."

" My dear, I thank you," said Mrs. Mordant: " while nature triumphs over

art, such poems as these must be pleasing.

"I have an original copy of verses, written as an apology to a rose, which the author plucked, and threw on the grave of her only child. I shall thank you to read it, Miss Denzel.

APOLOGY TO A ROSE,

PLUCKED AND THROWN ON HER INFANT'S GRAVE,

BY THE AUTHOR OF THESE VOLUMES.

Offspring of the dewy dawn!
Come with me, and soothe my woes,
Ere the transient day be gone,
Grace my song, enchanting Rose!

Now, thy fragrance scents the gale,
While the wand'rers, loit'ring by,
Rapt in sense, thy sweets inhale,
Loveliest flower beneath the sky!

When my darling linger'd here,
With thy tints his beauties vied,
On thy breast I drop a tear,
There enamour'd fancy sigh'd.

Cou'd'st thou have parta'en the bliss,
The sense inhales from Zephyr's breath,
I'd left thee to enjoy his kiss,
Till nature's mandate came with death.

Then, scatter'd o'er the briery waste,
Oblivion's tomb had done thee wrong;
But, by the child of fancy grac'd,
Thy beauty's during as her song.

Thou shalt deck my cherub's urn;
Round its base the violets blew,
Peering o'er the wither'd thorn,
Sparkling with the balmy dew.

The lovely spring has seen them die,
And bid her beauteous scenes adieu;
Unmourn'd amid the dust they lie—
Such had been thy portion too.

Droop not, then, delightful Rose,
Enchanting offspring of the dawn!
Come and soothe thy lyrist's woes,
Ere the transient day be gone.

Scatter'd o'er the briery waste,
Oblivion's tomb had done thee wrong;
By the child of fancy grac'd,
Thy beauty's during as her song.

"Probably that will be but momentary," said Mrs. Mordant, "transient as the fleeting bloom of the flower it celebrates.

"Your delivery and emphasis, Miss Denzel, I am happy to observe, are so very correct, and proper, that what is really good is rendered more valuable; and, what has only mediocrity seems possessed of something more. This has been recently acquired: you have studied poetry, and thence has arisen your improvement; for, previous to that, you wanted variation and grace; you wanted energy too, and you have now almost more than a sufficient portion of that.

"Miss Maria must read a poem. I hope she will not suffer you wholly to distance her in the race, when pursuing excellence of any kind. The acquirement of reading elegantly is a very estimable one; since, at the same time that we are instructed by the sentiments or intelligence of the writer, we are delighted by harmony and grace. The poem I

select for your present perusal, Miss Maria, is an Address to Sleep, written by the author of the one your sister has just read. Let me hear you. What I have said of Miss Denzel's improvement ought not to deter your efforts. Why are you diffident? Emulation is the virtue of a noble mind: be not abashed. Read; if you do not endeavour to excel, it cannot be expected. Miss Maria, read.

ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

Queen of the uncorrupted heart,
Thy sweetest opiate deign to bring,
To soothe these pangs thy balm impart,
And fold me 'neath thy balmy wing.

Thy shadows, 'fore my closing eyes,
Like Heav'n's triumphant arch appear,
In colours of a thousand dyes,
Refracted thro' th' unbidden tear.

For still it falls, pellucid gem,
And soothes the sorrows only known
To this lorn heart, who dares condemn
Those woes the mourner weeps alone!

The sordid churl ne'er heard her tale,
With more than worldly meanings fraught.
She gives it to the passing gale,
In sighs surcharg'd with poignant thought.

Mem'ry extorts her tears and sighs,
And shall her soul its bliss forego?
Mem'ry, the source of all its joys,
Is solac'd by luxurious woe.

Yet come, sweet Sleep, thine opiate now!
Ah! wrap me 'neath thy downy wing!
To-morrow's sun again shall glow,
And myriads rise its praise to sing.

With renovated strength, my voice
Shall pour to Him the grateful pray'r,
In whom th' immortal skies rejoice,
Who bids me hope to meet Him there.

"Very well, Miss Maria; I find we are doing very well indeed; but not so well as to urge us to rest in supineness, as if we were hopeless of doing better. Miss Sarah must read now. Here is a Sonnet for her, which was written from a sentiment of respectful attachment to the

memory of my first governess. The impulse on this occasion was peculiarly pleasing; and if the effusion is not deemed an effort worthy of an enlightened, it surely evinces a grateful and ingenuous mind.

SONNET

TO THE MEMORY OF THE FIRST GOVERNESS I REMEMBER TO HAVE HAD,

MRS. COOLEY.

To thee, whom I so lov'd and fear'd,
And e'en like truth itself rever'd,
Shall not one artless lay be paid,
Because so low those lips are laid,
That wont to chide, but more to praise,
Impelling me in earliest days,
That terror-armed band to know,
We call the Roman Criss-cross-row?

With thee thy child began to stray
Where truth and science deck the way:
Accept her thanks! and may they save
Thy virtuous mem'ry from the grave!
From thee the first ideas were giv'n
Of all worth seeking under heav'n.

"Very few Abecedarians have been commemorated in such a compliment, Madam," said the Etonian.

"Modest merit, Sir, in general has less than its desert; while the sordid, the arrogant, and the loquacious, are rewarded with more.

"Poetry cannot be devoted to a better purpose than the praise of departed virtue; and compliment ceases then.

"Can flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

"Those inflated verses which we frequently read in praise of the living, generally proceed from the most degrading and unprincipled intentions. Those who would praise for interest would vilify for hire; venality knows no distinction. 'Nothing is required by a writer of this kind,' says Dr. Johnson, 'but a contempt for shame, and an indifference to truth.' With such principles I dare presume we shall never accord."

"Madam," said the Etonian, "as you

have favoured each of my sisters with a poem for their recitation, I beg I may be honoured with one."

" You, Sir, are rather hard to please, but I have one that, I think, will be consonant to your poetic code, which I have called, ' *The uncertainty of the law.*'

"Should this bagatelle survive the wreck of time, our succeeding Romans, for England is the modern Greece, will call it the waggery of a female ancient. Our annals, however, confirm it a truth; it originated in the following circumstance:

" Evan Evans, tried at the Old Bailey for a felony, was acquitted under the direction of the common serjeant, Mr. Knowlys, by the Jury, on the ground, that the offence of which the prisoner had been guilty, was not a felony, but a fraud: for which fraud the said Evan Evans was recommitted, and retried at the Middlesex Sessions, on Monday the 2d of November 1807, when the point of law was reargued by Mr. Reynolds, who proved

that the culprit's crime was not a fraud, but a felony; and thus did the prisoner escape conviction, and perhaps death!"

HUZZA!
FOR THE LAWS OF OLD ENGLAND,
A SONG.

TO THE TUNE OF, 'THERE WAS THREE CROWS,' &c.

There was an arch wag, Evan Evans by name,
He had been playing a dangerous game;
So they put him in Newgate, without more ado,
When you do the like you will get there too.
Huzza! fal lal lal, &c.

At the Sessions Old Bailey, his counsel, by goles!
Drag'd the witnesses handsomely over the coals;
But after they'd bother'd them to and again,
That the varlet was guilty appear'd very plain.
Huzza! fal lal, &c. &c.

It is surely essential we should understand
As well as our prayers the law of the land,
So the law was explain'd, and the bill had a flaw—
'Twas a fraud, not a felony—so said the law.
Huzza! fal lal, &c. &c.

But now, Sir, the Clerkenwell Sessions came round,
And to make out the fraud the poor plaintiff was
bound,
When Counsellor Reynolds look'd over his brief,
And said Evans' acquittal exceeded belief,
Huzza! fal lal, &c. &c.

So with ten inasmuch's, and twelve thereunto's,
With a number of P—s, and many more Q—s,
With a wherefore and therefore, whenever he spoke,
He prov'd it a felony, quoting Lord Coke,
Huzza! fal lal, &c. &c.

So the gemmen all twelve in the jurymen's box
Acquit Evan once more, when the wily Welsh Fox
Made his pow, and *Cot* pless hur, and *shave* hur
he'd, pray,
And the laws of Old England for ever! Huzza!
Huzza! fal lal, &c. &c.

"Was not that abominable, Madam?" said the Etonian.

"Your question, Sir, is indefinitive; you must tell me to which of our elucidations of common law and common sense you wish to apply your question."

"I apply it to you, Madam, whether

it was not abominable for the rogue to escape justice as he did?"

"I perfectly understood you, Sir, and I thought you would have an aptitude in conceiving I was answering in imitation of one of them, by chicanery, subterfuge, whim, or evasion; in brief, any thing to make a fellow appear innocent whom they know to be guilty. A worthy gentleman, a dear friend of mine, who has long paid the great debt which nature entails upon mortality, had once occasion to converse with a solicitor on some matters relative to his private concerns; and having in vain endeavoured to bring the lawyer to give him those plain, unvarnished, direct answers he required, my friend waxed warm; and suddenly started toward the fire, as if to burn a paper he held; when a looker-on gave a little jerk to his cuter garment as he passed; on which he recollected himself, and turning short, stood, with his back to the fire, in the true English fashion, that is to say,

so as to engross the whole of it; and spoke as follows:

"'Sir! give me leave to tell you, there are three kinds of sense—they are, Sir, *fine sense*, *common sense*, and *nonsense*: now, Sir, I have beside to inform you, that you possess the first and the last in abundance; but as for *common sense*, Sir, you know nothing about it—nothing!'

"Now, Sir, with reference to my friend's angry retort, I must beg leave to answer you. Far be it from me to carp or cavil at an ingenious argument; I admire either learned or intellectual intelligence; but I cannot reconcile either my reason or my feelings to the approbation of those kinds of solecisms that attempt to entangle and perplex my mind in the mazes of error; and having led it through a variety of scenes, all fraught with delusion, lead me out of the labyrinth, but not before I am so bewildered in my imagination that I cannot distinguish falsehood from truth."

"I should not judge that to be possible, Madam."

"In the present instance, Sir, sophistry was triumphant, which may convince you it is possible. Think you the twenty-four men who sat as jurors on both those trials were all of them deficient in common sense?—No such matter. You, Sir, are not a boy—you are a man; for your education has enabled you to outpeer your brother jurors of less elevated rank, or more untoward fortune.

"The perversion of moral truth proceeds from causes almost inexplicable to comprehension, independent of litigatory chicanery. The pleasure the disengenuous have in giving a false colouring to our best intentions is the first. The individual who is the actor, not being one of the favourites of fortune, is another. The next class is compounded of our mischosen or mistaken friends; but weak, captious, and passionate people are the concourse, the multitude, and the mob of this community. We had better seclude

ourselves from society for ever, than associate or make friends of such as those."

"I should deem the want of a friend one of the greatest misfortunes in life, Madam; the one I have, I love as if he were my brother. Often I have regretted I could not introduce him to this society; it would have greatly enhanced the pleasure I enjoy in it. We are inseparable when we are at Eton. We know the secrets of each other's souls, and they are as safe and sacred with the one as with the other."

"Your secrets of the present day, Sir, will seem light indeed, when you weigh them in the balance of reason hereafter. And pray permit me to caution you in respect to too precipitate friendship. There is one disposition peculiarly inimical to it. That man or woman who has a propensity to enmity, it is always unsafe to have for a friend; since friendship naturally implies, or encourages to confidence; and who would wish to divulge the secrets of the heart, the errors of the judgment, or

the devious wanderings of the ever restless soul, to one, whose rancorous disposition, under the least idea of offence, was prone to exaggerate, and turn every thing to their disadvantage? Happy are those who can act and think for themselves, without either confidant or counsellor: let those who have them be wary in their choice. That incipient childishness that makes a confidant of every one it meets, can have no secrets; and consequently what is communicated is unworthy either of detail or attention.

"You affirm, the secrets of yourself with your friend, Sir, and his with you, are sacred: in you I should be much mistaken indeed were they not so; and doubtless your youthful associate has a kindred soul. A man who betrays a secret would pick your locks, or your pocket, were he not awed by the law. Women of education too, generally speaking, have minds superior to such abandoned defection.

"When my friend honours me by

committing the most sacred treasures of his mind to my care, how basely licentious and unprincipled must I be to render that sacred counsel the sport of every blast.

"Faugh! the wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the cumb'rous womb of earth,
And will not breathe it."

"Those who divulge the secrets of their friends, have no excuse, neither will their meanness admit of palliation. Had the miscreants been intrusted with treasure, the pelf, or their necessity, might have induced them to purloin from the mass; for surely, none but the most abandoned would think of appropriating all the property of a generous trusting friend to their own use. But those who want honour divulge all they know, and dissipate for such a friend, all the treasure of his soul. In this instance the word defection is not sufficiently impressive. Integrity, constancy, and

dignity of mind, are virtues individually; when united, they amount to honour. The true prototype of man is delineated by that word, when it is meant to express the possession of such qualities; and without them, man is unworthy of the pre-eminence allotted him in the universe. A man of this character would not suffer a secret to escape his lips, unless that secret would tend to clear or irradiate the character of a friend;

"Tho' worlds should crack around him:"

much less would he be urged to do it through pique, caprice, or resentment. And, were pecuniary reward suggested to draw it from him, how would he spurn, with what disdain would he spurn the insidious seducer!

"The young, the vain, and the licentious have, it is my firm belief, frequently told untruths under the idea of aggrandizing or complimenting themselves. There is no conduct so barbar-

ous and unprincipled as this, inasmuch as it is impossible to be guilty of it, without wronging our neighbour: these vain-glorious vaunters, however, are seldom believed; and a tale that admits of an implied doubt, always tells against themselves. An honourable mind feels so abashed in the presence of one of these story-mongers, so fearful of seeing them confounded, so anxiously desirous that they may resume themselves, that it will attempt to palliate for the offender, before the culprit has the grace to do it for himself.

" The retort of Dryden to a prating, self-sufficient, young coxcomb was a very happy one, and worthy of a man so eminently gifted.

" I should not have behaved as your hero did.

" Probably not, Sir; but give me leave to tell you, '*you are no Spartan.*' The story of the Spartan Boy is too trite for me to comment on; I adduce it, to remind you of the Spartan characteristic,

'That death was at all times to be preferred to dishonour.' But, in England, how debasing the reverse! a man who would be thought a hero in his way, boasts of rencontres that never happened, of achievements it was not possible he could attain, and of favours, of which his own inflated opinion of himself, were he to lay his hand on his heart, with the least idea of candid inquiry, would deem him unworthy; favours from a woman! which no man ever boasts of, until he has solicited without hope, and is dismissed with contempt and disdain. But this conduct arises from a desire of revenge to the lady. What! debased wretch! wouldst thou stab in the dark, a poor defenceless woman! who, were she in open day, could only solicit thy forbearance, by softness, eloquence, and tears? And darest thou call thyself a man! The Almighty made thee one; but how hast thou debased his work!"

"We have been exceedingly entertained this evening, dear Madam; but still we

look forward to the tale you have promised us to-morrow."

" Certainly, Miss Denzel, it is my intention to give it you then ; we have now exceeded our usual hour. Do not fail to remember me in your prayers—I never forget you. Recollect Miss Hatfield's beautiful apostrophe, and never close your eyes for sleep until you have solicited the guardian wing of your Almighty Father, Author of light and life, through whom we live and had our being: " We are, because He is !" Omnipresent, and eternal, to whom be all praise, honour, and glory, now and for ever, Amen.

EVENING THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

THE promised tale urged our youthful party to assemble at an early hour, and the governess spoke as follows:

" The tale I am about to give you, I took from the port-folio of a lady deceased with my own hand; and, as I have never seen or heard of it elsewhere, I presume it to be original, and written by her; and the more so, as the train of sentiment, so congenial to that of the amiable girl who wrote it, evinces her very self. With the poem, that is a part of it, I have taken some liberties, which perhaps are hardly warrantable—the tale is nearly as I have it in the author's own writing: I presume it was written some time during the year 1796, when the composer of it was with the

family of the Honourable George Crawfurd Ricketts at Spanish Town, Jamaica. She paid the awful debt, which mortality entails on us all, in the twenty-third year of her age. After this preface, I shall make no apology, but leave it to speak for itself. Its tendency is moral, its outline is simple, and its colouring is chaste. It was addressed to Mrs. Lewis Burnett; and the allusion to the 12th of April, when a beloved brother-in-law of the author's signalized himself, leaves me no doubt of the propriety of denominating it her's. This was designed by the polished and highly accomplished young woman, as an oblique compliment to him. The more delicate the pencil, the more exquisite the touch of the master.

EDWARD AND EMILY,

A TALE,

BY THE LATE MISS ELIZABETH BATES.

'Dear Madam, *Jamaica*, 1796.

'Having some leisure, and incited by no small degree of curiosity, I made a proposal to two or three of our friends, to visit Little Goat Island, which is but a few miles from Cold Harbour Bay. Finding them as well inclined to the excursion as myself, I obtained an excellent boat, from the captain of one of the merchant-ships in the harbour, and, early one morning, while a charming land breeze was blowing, and making the surface of the water to ripple, our party set out on the projected expedition. We had three seamen with us; the countenances of two of them were, to me, uncommonly interesting. As the boat glided gently along, we were amused by the reciprocated humours and sprightly sallies of these honest tars. And here I must beg leave for digression, to say,

that nothing is more pleasing, or surprising to me, than the temper and behaviour of common sailors: for surely there is no set of people among the various classes of the civilized world, on whose manners and customs time has had so little effect. I apprehend they are now what they were two centuries ago. It makes my heart expand with pleasure toward human beings, who, amidst labour, fatigue, hardships, and the dangers of a boisterous element, can exhibit such tokens of content and happiness. Contrast them with those listless idlers who live but to murmur; and what an accumulation of animating sentiments is produced by the reflection, that, to these, Great Britain owes all her splendour and glory. I felt the strings of affection to vibrate, while my imagination was painting to itself the glorious victory of the 12th of April; that greatly proud day for the genius of Old England. I had insensibly fallen into reveries of this pleasing kind, and con-

tinued in them, until our arrival at Little Goat Island.

'This place is said to contain about five hundred acres, and is the property of a Mr. Newland of Kingston. We landed just as the sun was rising, and our senses were regaled by the fragrance of a thousand aromatic shrubs, which grew wild on this sequestered spot. We now walked to a house, which was about a quarter of a mile from the beach; it was built by the former, and kept in decent order by its present possessor, who, we were informed, seldom visited the island. We were received with great civility and modesty by a man of colour, who was the overseer; but whose behaviour and manner would not have disgraced a much higher station.

'While our breakfast was preparing, we were entertained with the melodious notes of the birds, which, perched upon the neighbouring boughs, seemed to welcome our approach.

'After making a hearty repast, for

which the fine air of this place had prepared our appetites, we went out to examine the island. The soil appeared rocky and indifferent, but suitable enough for the cultivation of cotton; and, from the variety of sweet-scented herbs and plants, which grew wild in the greatest abundance, must be well adapted to the raising of sheep and goats; but to these things no attention was paid, as the profits arising from white lime and wood, sent in small craft to Kingston, were immediate and certain.

'We observed a great number of pigeons flying over in large flocks to the island, and learned that this was their breeding-time. It seems they select this quiet and unfrequented spot for building their nests and rearing their young ones. These nests are in great abundance among the mangroves. When the young brood are sufficiently fledged, they wing their flight over the water to the main land, where there is more cultivation, in search of food; but where, alas! that

tyrant of the universe, man, insidiously awaits their coming, and deals destruction among them.

'I have never, my dear friend, been able to trace the motive, or spring of that malignant satisfaction so universally felt by sportsmen when the poor fluttering victims fall dead at their feet. It cannot be attributed to revenge for plundered fields; that incentive must be given to those only who have an immediate interest in landed property. Whatever it is, it seems to be of base origin, and to have germinated in the corruption of our nature.

'I digress somewhat too long: we proceeded about a hundred yards from the house, when we discovered a little sepulchral edifice to the memory of a Mrs. Johnstone, who had formerly been an inhabitant of the island, and had died on it. Upon the reverse side of the inscription, we perceived a piece of thick paper glewed, or pasted on the stone,

with the following stanzas, written in a strong and legible character:

THE STANZAS.

'As thro' this solitary flow'ry isle,
A wretched wand'rer bent his toil-worn way,
Pensively leaning o'er thy turf awhile,
With melting heart he pen'd the suppliant lay.

'O, gentle shade! whose mortal relics lie,
Mould'ring beneath this simple grass-grown heap,
Whether thy airy form now cleaves the sky,
Or wanders the wild margin of the deep;

'Whether, while man oblivious sleep enjoys,
Thou lov'st the lone walk in night's darkest noon,
Or, with light vagaries it suits thy choice
To flit amid the glimpses of the moon;

'Oh! listen! in an hour so bland and mild,
May this soft breeze convey it to thy ear!
That o'er thy hallow'd corse misfortune's child
Pays that sad tribute, a reflecting tear.

'Bereav'd of all that Heav'n to Earth could lend,
Faint, hopeless, helpless, fev'rish, and forlorn;
O'er nature's bourne the wretch delights to bend,
And weep those joys that never may return.

'Sweet Phantom! if amid th' immortal blest,
Thou see'st my Emily, to her impart,
That since her death, her Edward knows no rest,
From the quick throbbings of his breaking heart.'

'Seeing such poetry in such a place, we were induced to inquire respecting the author; but the overseer informed us that he was not known to him; and that the lines were in the same place when he first came into the employ. He was beginning a narrative of what he had heard respecting the writer, but perceiving an old negro man near him, whose head was white with age, he beckoned to him, and desired him to give us the information we required. The negro, who was an intelligent old man, informed us that he happened by chance to be behind a flowering shrub, and near enough to see a person fix on the paper; that

it was placed there by a tall thin man, who came upon the island about two years ago, and had continued there ever since; that he saw him on his first arrival, and that he had such an uncommon wildness in his looks, as made him (the black man) afraid; that his constant dress was a full suit of deep mourning; and that he suffered his long dark hair to flow loosely over his shoulders: that when spoken to, he would return no answer; and sometimes, on moon-light nights, he would suddenly run down to the sea-side, and gaze at his shadow in the water; at other times he would continue long in a pensive attitude gazing up to the moon; and often, clasping his hands together, would utter something aloud, in a language the negro man did not understand; that the stranger frequently went to a sort of cave in a remote part of the island, and amused himself while he was there in writing, or cutting out letters on pieces of wood: and that, what he subsisted on, no person on the island could tell.

'There is something in the gloom of solitary adventures, particularly when intermingled with shades of madness, which wonderfully engages the heart. We felt the spirit of curiosity, like the strokes of electricity, pervade us all to follow the windings of this mysterious story; and, as the day was not far advanced, we proposed to examine the place of retirement of this extraordinary character; and requested the old negro man to be our guide: to which he readily consented, and led us slowly, by a small romantic path, to a cave, which was large enough to contain six or eight persons. The spot was environed with trees and romantic shrubs; and the child of contemplation might here indulge its reveries with little fear of interruption.

'We found near the entrance of the cave a few blocks of wood, partly polished, which were done, as we guessed, by means of a shell, or some rude instrument, not usually employed on such occasions; on one of these were cut

Greek characters, which a gentleman of our party, with great difficulty, made out to be lines from Euripides.

'We now observed an interior apartment, in which, on a substratum of fine sand, were laid dry moss, and the large leaves of the palm-tree. This, as we supposed, had served the purpose of a bed-chamber. Over the entrance, we discovered a mark where we thought a lamp had hung; and, in the largest cavity or apartment, we saw a large stone jutting out of the side, which we conceived had been used as a table. Above this, in a sort of hollowed recess, we observed something which had the appearance of a black box; but, on taking it down, it proved to be two small pieces of black wood, placed one upon the other: upon taking off the uppermost one, we discovered two small leaves of calves-skin, on which was legibly written, with a black lead pencil, the following detail:

"I am, and have been for a long time,

the child of misfortune. I was left an orphan, defrauded by my guardians, and thrown, early in life, without a friend, on the wide world. Nature had given me great sensibility, and my turn of mind was romantic. Fortunately, however, my education had not been entirely neglected; and I derived great solace from my books.

"In the twentieth year of my age, I saw, and became enamoured of a young lady, who was, in my opinion, the most lovely of her lovely kind. I had shortly the supreme happiness to find that the passion I professed was mutual. Prudence would not permit us to marry immediately: we were both very young, and we agreed to wait until I could fall upon some honest and decent means for our support. In the mean time, we occasionally met and exchanged our vows: the hour of parting was ever marked by the tenderest sympathy, and was perhaps the most unwelcome one in our lives.

"In a fatal moment a rival made his appearance. He was an Italian by birth,

and possessed great sprightliness, with wit, and the most seductive manners imaginable. With these qualifications he looked for conquest, but met with an open and candid refusal. He redoubled his attentions: he was not, like me, destitute of friends or fortune, and he made the most advantageous offers—indeed he proffered all in his power; but my Emily repulsed him still, and with a dignity that mortified his pride. Hate succeeded to love, and passionate revenge took possession of his heart; and he contrived by means of poison to destroy the most perfect creature in the creation, and with her, all my hopes of happiness in this world. I have been a wretched wanderer ever since,—my spirits are fled, my heart is breaking, and I am afraid, very much afraid, that my mind is sometimes disordered.

"I am a stricken deer, and have fled from the herd, never to return! Here will I remain, amidst these wilds—I have but one hope; its felicitation surely is not

far distant. Emily! dear, faithful, and ever adored Emily! Surely I shall shortly be with thee.

" Edward, in the seventh year of his wretchedness and pilgrimage—alas! no more!"

" We are very much obliged to you, indeed, Madam," said Miss Denzel; " but I wish the story had ended happily, it is so much more agreeable."

" This is the second story you have been so kind as to tell us," remarked Miss Maria, " but both of them end so fatally."

" True, my dears; would you ever wish to see the sunny side of the landscape? It will not be: happiness, I am sorry to observe, is not the lot of many. Let it then be our study, as much as in us lies, to conciliate the affections of our friends and neighbours, which will entitle us to a reciprocal return. Great comforts are derived from friendship and society; and

however superior our talents or acquirements may be, we shall eventually find that most of our gratifications must result from others.

" There is a tale which I read in my youth, I know not where to find it for you; but it impressed me to excess *. It is where an unsocial man is left alone. —O! merciful powers! what must have been Adam's felicity on awakening to behold his Eve! To be alone in this immensely extended and beautiful world! I can conceive no state more distressing. It is probable a dream I once had, has given me a more than usually poignant idea of such a situation. It is exactly in point—

" Imagine, either of you, that you are walking on the edge of a slope, whence you have an oblique view of friends, whose more active powers have led them to outstep you: you hasten your pace; you feel

* It may be found in the Spectators.

faint and fatigued; you gain the top of the precipice; you recline to rest a moment, when the whole of the surrounding landscape falls from you, and you are left alone on a chalky mountain, declivitous on all sides, thousands of yards from the vale below, which to your vision is impervious—lost in mists impenetrable! My dears, this was my dream: alas! I lost Colonel Mordant soon afterwards." Mrs. Mordant dried her eyes—" Dear Madam," said the youthful Etonian, " dreams descend from Jove."

" Our weakness, Sir, is pitiable, if we depend on them; and to detail every idle vapour of the brain, is intolerable. The dream you have heard impressed me; and, in the course of my life, I have had two or three others, that will ever live in my memory, like as they were there engraven."

" Do pray, dear Madam," said Miss Sarah, " tell them to us."

" By no means, my dear; never pester

people with your dreams. I told you the one you have just heard, to enforce a moral truth; to guard you against those sentiments that might incite you to act unadvisedly, depending wholly on self—self is a flatterer, who has powers past the vilest sycophant, to delude the understanding. If any one begins to flatter you, always be wary; flatterers either have sinister ends, or they are idiots; and in either case to be avoided. Your superior will not flatter you: if your equal flatters you, it is meanness: and if you permit your menials and inferiors to flatter you, you are debased indeed. Solicit then the kind admonishments of truth, from those that love you; your parents, your brothers, your sisters, or other kindred friends. Happy are those who possess them.

"I have much miscellaneous matter for to-morrow evening; after which, I will give you a tale, that ends happily, and, as it is our last week, we will en-

deavour to make amusement take the lead of her superior; she has hitherto gone hand in hand with instruction: not that we shall ever ask—

'Is there no play,
'To ease the anguish of a tort'ring hour?'

we leave that question for the guilty.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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